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Grimm's Fairy Tales

Illustrated

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Grimm's Fairy Tales

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Illustrated

AIRMONT PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.
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An Airmont Classic
specially selected for the Airmont Library
from the immortal literature of the world

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Preface

For more than a century the stories so lovingly collected by the Brothers Grimm have been the delight of children, and of others who, whatever their age, will always be children at heart.

Jacob Grimm was born in 1785, his brother Wilhelm a year later. Their father died while they were still lads, and they learned only too well that "the wolf at the door" may be more than a fable. All through their lives they were the best of friends, living together, and sharing the same studies and hobbies. On leaving school, they became greatly interested in German and Danish folk-lore, and spent much of their time wandering about the country, gleaning from peasants and the simpler townspeople a rich harvest of legends, which they would write down as nearly as possible in the words in which they were told. The first collection was published in 1812; other stories were gradually added, until there were more than two hundred. Some, it may be noted, are found in various forms in many languages, and have doubtless come to us from a period long before there were any books at all.

This selection comprises most of the more popular stories, especially those suitable for younger children.

The Frog-Prince

In the good old times, when wishes often came true, there lived a King whose daughters were all beautiful, but the youngest was so beautiful that the sun himself, who had seen so much beauty, wondered at her every time he kissed her face.

Close to the King's castle was a dark forest, and in the forest under an old lime tree was a well; here on warm days the royal child used to come and sit on the bank by the cool water. When she was bored she took a golden ball, threw it in the air and caught it again, and that was her favorite amusement.

It happened once that the Princess's golden ball, instead of falling into the little hands she held out to catch it, rolled along the ground into the water. The child followed the ball with her eyes, but it disappeared, and the well was deep, so deep that you couldn't see the bottom. Then she began to cry, and cried louder and louder, as if nothing could comfort her; and as she wailed someone called out, "Why, Princess, what's the matter? You cry loudly enough to move a stone to pity." She looked round to see where the voice

came from, and beheld a frog poking his fat, ugly head out of the water.

"Ah! is it you, old water-splasher?" she said. "I am crying because my golden ball has fallen into the well."

"Well, don't cry any more," answered the frog. "I can help you. What will you give me if I fetch your toy for you?"

"Anything you like, dear frog," she said: "my clothes, my pearls and precious stones, or even the gold coronet I wear."

The frog answered:

"Your clothes, your pearls, your precious stones, your gold coronet—I don't want any of them; but if you'll love me and let me be your chum and playmate, sit by you at the table, eat off your little gold plate, drink out of your little goblet, and sleep in your little bed; if you'll promise all this, I'll dive down and get your golden ball."

"Very well," she said. "I'll promise anything you like if you'll only bring back my ball." She thought to herself, "What nonsense the foolish frog talks! He can only sit in the water and croak to other frogs, and can't be the chum of any human being."

So the frog ducked his head and sank. In a little while he rose to the surface with the ball in his mouth, and threw it on the grass. The Princess was so delighted at seeing her pretty plaything again that she picked it up and ran off.

"Stop! stop!" shouted the frog; "take me with you; I can't run so fast."

But it was no use; croak as loud as he would, she took no notice and ran home, where she soon forgot all about the poor frog, who was obliged to descend into his well again.

The next day, when the Princess had just sat down to table with the King and all the court, and was eating off her little gold plate, *splish, splash, splish, splash* was heard, and something hopped up the marble stairs, knocked at the door, and called, "Youngest Princess, let me in!" She ran to the door to see who was outside, and as she opened it saw the frog seated there. She slammed the door violently, and hurried back to her place in a great fright. The King observed that her heart was beating quickly, and said:

"Child, why are you frightened? Is there a giant at the door come to carry you off?"

"Oh, no," she answered, "it isn't a giant, but a nasty frog."

"What does the frog want with you?"

"Oh, dear father, yesterday, when I was in the forest playing by the well my golden ball fell into the water. And because I cried so, the frog fetched it for me, and because he asked me, I promised he should be my companion, but I never thought he could come so far out of his water. Now he is outside, and wants to come in here." Meanwhile there was another knock at the door, and a voice called:

"Open the door, my Princess, dear,
Open the door to thy true love here!
Remember the promise you yesterday made
By the deep well cool in the lime tree's shade."

Then the King said, "You must not break your promise, so go and let him in."

She went and opened the door, and the frog hopped in, followed her to her chair, and called out, "Lift me up to you."

She shuddered, but the King ordered her to do as she was asked. The frog was not content with being on the chair, and wanted to get onto the table. When there he said, "Push your little gold plate nearer, so that we may eat together." The Princess did so, but it was easy to see that she did not like it. The frog ate with relish, but she could hardly get down a morsel. At last he said, "I have eaten till I am satisfied. Now I am tired; take me to your little room, have your silk bed turned down, and we will lie down and go to sleep."

The Princess began to cry at the thought of the cold frog whom she daren't touch sleeping in her pretty, clean bed.

The King grew angry with her and said, "Those who have helped us in our need are not to be despised afterwards."

So she lifted the frog with two dainty fingers, carried him upstairs, and put him down in a corner. But when she was in bed he crept to the bedside, and said, "I am tired, I want to go to bed too. Lift me up, please, or I'll tell your father." Then she really flew into a passion, took him up, and flung him with all her might against the wall.

"Now you can go to sleep if you like, you nasty, ugly frog."

But when he fell to the ground he was not a

frog any longer, but a Prince with beautiful, smiling eyes, and, according to her father's wishes, he became her dear chum and playmate. He told her how he had been bewitched by a wicked old witch, and no one had the power to release him from the well but the little Princess, and tomorrow they would travel back to his kingdom together. They fell asleep, and when the sun was up the next morning, a carriage with eight white horses drew up at the door. The horses had white plumes nodding on their heads, and gold harness, and behind stood the servant of the young Prince, the faithful Henry, who had been so grieved when his master was turned into a frog that he had put three bands of iron round his heart to prevent its breaking from sorrow and grief.

The carriage was to take the young Prince back to his own kingdom, and the faithful Henry helped in his master and the Princess, and stationed himself behind again. They hadn't gone far before they heard a crack as if something were breaking. Again, and yet again, a crack was heard on the road, and each time the royal couple thought something in the carriage had burst, but it was only the iron bands springing from Henry's heart, because he was so overjoyed at his master's happiness.

Hansel and Gretel

Near a large wood once lived a poor woodcutter with his wife and two children. The little boy was called Hansel and the little girl Gretel. They rarely had nice things to eat, and when there was a famine in the land they could not get so much as their daily bread. As he lay in bed at night the father was greatly troubled; he sighed and groaned and said to his wife:

"What is to become of us? How are we to feed our little ones when we haven't anything ourselves?"

"I tell you what, husband," answered the woman, "tomorrow morning early we will lead the children far into the wood, light them a fire, give each a bit of bread, and then go to our work and leave them alone. They will never find their way home, and we shall be rid of them."

"No, wife," said the man, "I cannot do that; how could anyone have the heart to leave two dear children alone in the wood to be devoured by wild beasts?"

"Oh!" said she, "then we must all four die of hunger." She continued to persuade him, and at last he half consented.

The two children were so hungry that they

had not been able to go to sleep, and they had overheard what their step-mother proposed to do with them. Gretel wept bitter tears and said to Hansel, "It is all up with us."

"Don't cry, Gretel," said Hansel, "I will see that this doesn't happen."

When the old couple had fallen to sleep, he put on his little coat, crept down and let himself out at the back door. The moon was shining brightly, and the white pebbles on the path in the front of the house shone like new coins. Hansel stooped and stuffed his coat pockets full of pebbles. Then he went back and said to Gretel, "Be comforted, little sister, and go to sleep. God will not forsake us"; and he lay down on his little bed.

When day dawned the woman called the two children and told them to dress before the sun was high. "Get up, both of you," she said, "and come into the wood and pick up sticks." Then she gave each a piece of bread, and told them to keep it for dinner and not eat it before, as they would get nothing else. Gretel put the bread under her apron, because Hansel's pockets were full of pebbles.

Soon after, they all started together for the wood. They had not gone far before Hansel stood still and looked back at the house. He did this again and again, till his father said, "Hansel, what are you gaping at?"

"Oh, father," said Hansel, "I am looking at my white kitten, who is sitting on the roof waving me good-bye."

"That isn't your kitten, silly child," said the woman, "it's the morning sunlight shining on the chimney." But Hansel had not been really looking at the kitten; he was scattering behind him the pebbles out of his pocket.

When they came to the middle of the wood the father said, "Now, children, pick up sticks, and we will make a fire."

Hansel and Gretel built up quite a pile of twigs, and when the fire was lighted and the flames were rising high, the woman said, "You can lie down by the fire and rest yourselves while we go further to cut wood. When we have finished we will come and fetch you."

Hansel and Gretel sat by the fire, and when dinnertime came, ate their bread, and because they heard the blows of the hatchet they thought their father was not far off. But it was not the hatchet they heard, but a branch that he had tied to a rotten tree, and which the wind blew up and down. And they sat such a long time that for very weariness they closed their eyes and went to sleep. They did not wake till it was night, and pitch dark. Gretel began to cry, and said, "We shall never find our way out of the wood."

"Wait," said Hansel; "the moon will be up in a minute, and then we'll find our way fast enough."

Before long the great full moon rose in the sky, and Hansel took his little sister's hand and followed the track of the pebbles, which shone like silver coins and showed them the way. They walked the whole night, and at break of day

reached their father's house. They knocked at the door, and when the woman opened it and saw Hansel and Gretel she said, "Why did you sleep so long in the wood? We began to think you were not coming back at all."

The father was delighted to see the children, for it had gone to his heart to desert them so cruelly.

Not long afterwards there was again distress everywhere, and the children heard their mother saying to their father in the night, "There is hardly anything left to eat, only half a loaf of bread, and when that is gone what are we to do? The children must be done away with. We will take them deeper into the wood this time, so that they will not be able to find their way out. It's the only thing to be done to save us."

The man's heart was heavy, and he thought, "I would rather share our last crust with the children." But the woman had made up her mind, and all the man said made no difference. When you have said "A" you must say "B" too, and as he had given in the first time he was obliged to give in the second time.

The children, however, had heard the whole of the conversation. When his parents had gone to sleep, Hansel got up again to go out as he had done before and pick up pebbles, but he found the woman had locked the door. All the same, he comforted his little sister, saying, "Never mind, Gretel, don't cry, but go to sleep. God will take care of us."

At dawn the woman came and roused the chil-

dren. She gave them each a slice of bread, but it was smaller than last time.

As they walked to the wood Hansel crumbled the bread in his pocket, stood still now and then, and dropped a crumb on the ground.

"Hansel, why do you loiter behind and look back?" his father asked.

"I am looking at my little dove, who is sitting on the roof to coo good-bye."

"Stupid," cried the woman, "it is not your dove but the morning sun shining on the chimney." But Hansel went on dropping his crumbs by the way.

The woman led the children deeper and deeper into the wood, to a part where they never had been before. Again a huge fire was kindled, and their mother said, "Stay here, children, and when you are tired take a nap. We are going farther to chop wood. When we have finished we will fetch you."

When dinnertime came Gretel divided her bread with Hansel, because he had scattered his as they came along. Then they fell asleep, and the evening went by without anyone coming to them. They did not wake till it was pitch dark. Hansel comforted his sister by saying, "Wait till the moon is up, then we shall see the bread crumbs I strewed on the ground, and that will show us the way home."

But when the moon rose they could see no bread crumbs, for the birds which flew in the woods and fields had picked up every one.

Hansel said, "We shall soon find our way, Gretel."

But they did not find it—though they walked the whole night and the whole of the next day, they were still in the wood and faint from hunger, for they had eaten nothing but a few berries. And now, because they were so tired and their legs would not carry them farther, they lay down under a tree and fell asleep.

The third morning after they had left their father's house they were still deeper in the wood, and quite lost. If help did not come, they knew they would perish. Then they saw a beautiful snow-white bird sitting on a branch, and it was singing so beautifully that they stopped to listen. It spread its wings when it had finished its song, and flew in front of them, and they followed it till it perched on the roof of a little house which, on coming near, they found was built of bread and thatched with cake, the windows being made of barley-sugar.

"We will set to work," said Hansel, "and make a good meal for once. I will have a good slice of the roof, and you, Gretel, shall begin with a window, which will taste nice and sweet."

Hansel climbed up and broke off a bit of the roof, to see how it tasted, and Gretel stood by a window and nibbled it. Then a voice called from inside:

"Nibble! nibble! nibble!
Who's nibbling at my house?"

The children answered:

"The wind, the wind,
The child of heaven,"

and ate on, quite unconcerned.

Hansel, who found that the roof tasted very good, had torn off another great bit, and Gretel had taken out a windowpane and sat down to enjoy it. Suddenly the door opened and an old woman, leaning on a crutch, hobbled out. Hansel and Gretel shook in their shoes for fright, letting the good stuff fall from their hands.

The old woman nodded her palsied head, and said, "Dear children, who brought you here? Come in, do, and stay with me; no harm shall come to you!"

She took them by the hand and led them into the house. There a good dinner stood ready, milk pancakes, with sugar, apples, and nuts. Afterwards, two little white beds were uncovered, and Hansel and Gretel lay down in them, and felt as if they were in heaven.

But the old woman was only pretending to be friendly; she was really a wicked old witch, who lay in wait for children, and had only had her house built of things good to eat in order to lure them into her clutches. When once she had them safe in her power, she slaughtered, cooked, and ate them. The witch had pink eyes and could not see far, but she had keen scent, like animals, and could smell human flesh a long way off. As soon as Hansel and Gretel came near her house, she had laughed, chuckled wickedly, and

said to herself, "I'll have them on toast—they shan't escape."

Early the next morning, before the children were awake, she got up, and as she saw their round rosy cheeks, she muttered, "There's a tasty dish." Then she shook Hansel, and, seizing him with her shriveled hand, carried him to a little stable, where she shut him in behind a grating. He howled as loudly as he could, but it was no use. Next she went to Gretel, shook her and screamed, "Get up, lazy girl, and go and draw water to cook your brother something good; he is outside in the stable and must be fattened up; when he is fat I shall eat him."

Gretel began to cry bitterly, but she was forced to do what the wicked witch commanded.

Hansel was now given the most nourishing food, but Gretel got only crab shells. Every morning the old witch hobbled to the stable, and cried:

"Hansel, put your finger out that I may feel how fat you are getting." But Hansel used to stick out a bone instead of a finger, and the old woman, whose eyes were so dim that she could not see, marveled that he did not grow fat.

When four weeks had passed, and Hansel remained still thin, she lost patience and declared she would not wait longer.

"Here, Gretel," she cried to the girl, "make haste and draw water—whether Hansel is fat or thin, I will kill and eat him tomorrow!"

The poor little sister wept and lamented as she brought the water, and tears poured down her cheeks! "Dear God, help us!" she prayed. "If

the wild beasts had eaten us in the woods we should at least have died together."

When the witch had gone poor Gretel watched her chance and ran to Hansel, telling him what she had heard:

"We must run away quickly, for the old woman is a wicked witch, who will kill us."

But Hansel said: "I know how to get out, for I have loosened the fastening. But you must first steal her fairy wand, that we may save ourselves if she should follow, and bring, too, the pipe that hangs in her room."

Gretel managed to get both the wand and the pipe, and away the children went.

When the old witch came to see whether her meal was ready, she sprang in a great rage to the window, and, though her eyes were bad, she spied the children running away.

She quickly put on her boots, which went yards at a step, and had scarcely made two steps with them before she overtook the children. But Gretel had seen that she was coming after them, and, by the help of the magic wand, turned Hansel into a lake of water, and herself into a swan which swam in the middle of it. The witch sat on the shore and tried to decoy the swan by throwing crumbs of bread to it; but it would not come near her, and she was at last forced to go home without her prisoners.

Then Gretel, by means of the wand, changed herself and Hansel back to their proper forms, and they journeyed on until dawn of day. The girl then turned herself into a beautiful rose in the

midst of a quickset hedge; and Hansel sat by the side.

Soon the witch came striding along.

"Good piper," she said, "may I pluck that beautiful rose?"

"Oh yes," said he.

She went to the hedge in a hurry to gather the flower—well knowing what it was—and Hansel pulled out his pipe and began to play.

Now the pipe was a fairy pipe, and whoever heard it was obliged to dance, whether one liked or not. So the old witch was forced to dance a jig, on and on without rest, and could not stop to reach the rose. As Hansel did not cease playing for a moment the thorns tore the clothes from her body, and pricked her sorely, and at last she stuck quite fast.

Then Gretel set herself free once more, and she and Hansel set out for home. After traveling a long way, Gretel grew tired, so they laid themselves down to sleep in a hollow tree that grew in a meadow near the wood. As they slept the witch—who had contrived to get out of the prickly bush—came by; and, seeing her wand, was glad to lay hold of it. At once she turned poor Hansel into a fawn.

When Gretel woke and found what had happened she wept bitterly over the poor creature. The tears rolled from his eyes, as he laid himself beside her.

Gretel said, "Rest in peace, dear fawn; I will never leave you."

She took off her long golden necklace and put

it round his neck, then she plucked some rushes and plaited them into a string, and led the poor fawn by her side wherever she went.

At last one day they came to a little cottage; and Gretel, seeing that it was quite empty, said, "We can live here."

She gathered leaves and moss to make a soft bed for the fawn; and every morning she went out and plucked nuts and berries for herself, and shrubs and tender grass for her friend. The fawn ate out of her hand, and played and frisked about her. In the evening, when Gretel was tired, she laid her head on the fawn and slept; and if only poor Hansel could have had his right form again they would have led a very happy life.

After living for years in the wood by themselves until Gretel was a grown maiden, it chanced that the King came one day to hunt there. When the fawn heard the echoing of the horns, the baying of the dogs, and the shouts of the huntsmen, he wished very much to see what was going on.

"Oh, sister!" said he, "let me go out into the wood. I can stay no longer."

He begged so long that at last she let him go.

"But," said she, "be sure to come back in the evening. I shall shut the door to keep out the huntsmen, but if you tap and say, 'Sister, let me in,' I shall know you. If you do not speak, I shall keep the door fast."

Then away sprang the fawn, frisking and bounding along in the open air. The King and his huntsmen saw and followed the beautiful creature, but could not overtake him; for just as they thought

they were sure of their prize he would spring over the bushes and be out of sight at once.

When it grew dark the fawn came running home to the hut and tapped, saying, "Sister, let me in!" Then Gretel opened the door, and in he jumped, and slept soundly all night on his soft bed.

Next morning the hunt went on; and when he heard the huntsmen's horns and fawn said, "Sister, open the door for me; I must go."

When the King and the huntsmen saw the fawn they again gave chase. The chase lasted the whole day, but at last the huntsmen surrounded him, and one wounded him in the foot, so that he became lame and could hardly crawl home. The man who had wounded him followed behind and heard the little fawn say, "Sister, let me in," upon which the door opened and shut again. The huntsman went to the King and told him what he had seen and heard and the King said, "Tomorrow we will have another chase."

Gretel was very frightened when she saw that her dear fawn was wounded; but after washing the blood away she put some healing herbs on the place. In the morning there was nothing to be seen of the wound, and when the horn blew the little thing said, "I cannot stay here, I must go and look on; I will take care they don't catch me."

But Gretel said, "I am sure they will kill you this time: I will not let you go."

"I shall die of grief," said he, "if you keep me here." Then Gretel was forced to let him go:

she opened the door with a heavy heart, and he bounded gaily into the wood.

When the King saw the fawn he cried to his men, "Chase him all day long till you catch him; but let no one do him harm."

At sunset, however, they had not been able to overtake him, and the King called the huntsmen, saying to the one who had watched, "Now show me the little hut."

So they went to the door and tapped, and the King said, "Sister, let me in."

The door was opened, and the King went in, and there stood a maiden more lovely than any he had ever seen.

Gretel was very frightened when she saw that it was not the fawn but a King with a golden crown who had entered her hut, but he spoke kindly and took her hand, and after they had talked awhile, he said, "Will you come with me to my castle and be my wife?"

"Yes," said Gretel, "I will go to your castle, but I cannot be your wife; and my fawn must go with me, for I cannot part with him."

"Well," said the King, "he shall come and live with you all your life, and shall want for nothing."

Just then in sprang the little fawn, and Gretel tied the string to his neck, and they left the hut together.

Then the King lifted Gretel on to his prancing horse and they rode to his palace, the fawn running behind them. On the way Gretel told the King her story. He knew the old witch and her

wicked ways and sent for her, commanding her sternly to change the fawn into human form again.

When she saw her dear brother restored, Gretel was so grateful to the King that she at once consented to marry him. They lived happily all their days, and Hansel became the King's chief counselor.

The Fisherman and His Wife

There was once a fisherman who lived with his wife in a dirty little hovel close by the sea. The fisherman went every day to fish; and he fished and fished.

One day he sat by his line, looking down into the clear water; and he looked and looked.

Then the line ran out to the bottom of the sea, deep down; and when he hauled it up there was a great carp at the end. And the carp said to him, "Listen, fisherman, I pray you don't kill me. I'm not a carp; I'm an enchanted Prince. Of what use would it be to you kill me? You would not find my flesh good; put me back in the water and let me swim away."

"Well," said the man, "you needn't make so many words about it; I wouldn't think of keeping a carp that can speak." So saying, he set him down in the clear water; and the carp swam away, leaving a long streak of blood behind him, and the fisherman went back into his hovel to his wife.

"Goodman," said the wife, "have you not caught anything today?"

"No," replied he, "that is, I caught a carp, but he said he was an enchanted Prince, so I let him swim away."

"Didn't you wish for anything?" asked his wife.

"No," answered the husband, "what should I wish for?"

"Oh," said the wife, "it's very uncomfortable living in a dirty hovel like ours; you ought to have wished for a pretty little cottage. Go back again and call him; tell him we want a little hut; he'll do that for us, I'm certain."

"But," said the man, "what should I go back there for?"

"Why," said the wife, "you caught him, and you let him swim away. He's sure to do it. Go at once."

The man did not care much to go, but he did not want to cross his wife, so he went off to the sea.

When he came there, the sea was all green and yellow, and not so calm, by a great deal, as it had been. He went and stood on the shore and said:

"Oh, fish in the sea, pray listen to me,
For my wife won't let be as I'd have it be."

The carp came swimming up, and said, "What does she want?"

"Oh," said the man, "I caught you just now, and my wife says I ought to have wished for something. She does not like to live in our hovel any longer; she wants a cottage."

"Go home," said the carp, "she has one already."

So the man went home, and his wife was no longer in the hovel; a cottage stood in its place,

and she was sitting in front of the door, on a bench. Then his wife took him by the hand and said, "Just come in and look. Is not this much better?"

They went in; and in the cottage there was a little passage, and a pretty little parlor and bedroom, in which their bed stood, and a kitchen and a larder, all of the best kind, with utensils in abundance, tinware, and brassware, and everything that was necessary. And there was also a little yard with chickens and ducks, and a little garden full of vegetables and fruit.

"See," said the wife; "isn't that nice?"

"Yes," answered her husband, "we'll stay here, and live very happily."

"We'll consider that," said his wife.

So they had their supper and went to bed.

Things went on well enough for a week or a fortnight. Then the wife said, "Listen, husband —this cottage is too small, and both the yard and the garden are too confined; the carp might give us a larger house. I must live in a great stone castle. Go to the carp, and ask him to give us a castle."

"Ah, wife," said the man, "this cottage is quite good enough; what should we want to live in a castle for?"

"Nonsense," replied the wife; "just you go to the carp, he can very well do that."

"No, wife," said the man, "the carp has just given us this cottage; I don't like to go to him again. He might be angry at it."

"Just you go," cried the woman; "he can do it, and he'll do it willingly; just you go."

The man's heart was heavy, and he objected to going; he kept whispering to himself, "It's not right"; but he went nevertheless.

When he came to the seashore the water was dark blue and violet in color, and gray and thick, and no longer green and yellow; but it was still calm. So he stood by the margin, and said:

"Oh, fish in the sea, pray listen to me,
For my wife won't let be as I'd have it be."

"Well, what does she want?" said the carp.

"Oh," said the man; half-frightened, "she wants to live in a stone castle."

"Go home," said the carp; "she's standing before the door now."

So the man went away, thinking to go home. But when he came there he saw a great stone palace, and his wife stood on the steps, about to go in; and she took him by the hand and said, "Do you come in with me."

So he went in with her; and in the palace was a vestibule all inlaid with marble, and there were a number of servants who threw open the great doors, and the walls were all shining and covered with beautiful colors; and in the rooms were gilded chairs and tables in abundance; chandeliers of crystal hung from the ceilings; there were carpets in all the halls and chambers; and the tables were loaded with costly foods and rare things. And behind the house was a great courtyard,

with stables, and horses, and cows, and magnificent coaches; and there was a great and beautiful garden, with the most splendid flowers and the rarest fruit trees; and a park more than two miles long, in which were stags, and roes, and hares, and everything a man could wish for.

"Well," said the wife, "isn't this fine?"

"Oh, yes," answered the man, "and it shall remain so. We'll stay in the beautiful castle, and be contented."

"We'll consider the matter," said his wife; "and first we'll sleep upon it." And with that they both went to bed.

The next morning the wife awoke first. It was just day, and from her bed she could see the glorious country lying stretched out before her. Presently her husband began to stir. Then she pushed him in the side with her elbow and said, "Husband, get up, and come with me to the window. See; might we not be rulers over all this country? Go to the carp, and say we want to be rulers."

"Oh, wife!" said the man, "why should we want to be rulers? I don't want to be ruler."

"Well," said the wife, "if you don't want to be, I do. Go to the carp, and say I must be a Sovereign."

"Ah, wife," cried the man, "why should you want to be Sovereign? I can't tell him that."

"And why not?" retorted the woman. "Just you go at once, for I must be Sovereign."

The man went away, and was quite concerned

because his wife wanted to be ruler. "That's not right; I'm sure it's not right," thought the man; and he determined not to go; but he went after all.

And when he came to the sea it was of a dark gray color, and turbid, and was fermenting from below and exhaled quite a terrible odor. He stood by the shore and said:

"Oh, fish in the sea, pray listen to me,
For my wife won't let be as I'd have it be."

"What does she want?" asked the carp.

"Oh," said the man, "she wants to be ruler."

"Go home," said the carp, "she has her wish."

The man went home. And when he came near the castle, he saw that it had grown much larger; and there was a great tower to it, with beautiful sculpture; and a sentry stood before the gate, and there were a great number of soldiers, and a band, with drums and trumpets. And when he came into the palace, everything was of pure marble and gold; velvet covers to the chairs and tables, with great gold tassels. Then the doors of the hall flew open, and showed the whole splendor of a court; and his wife was sitting on a lofty throne of gold and diamonds, and had a great golden crown on her head, and in her hand a scepter of pure gold and precious stones. On each side of the throne stood six maids of honor, all in a row, and each of them was a head shorter than her neighbor. Then he went up to her and said, "Well, wife, so you're ruler now?"

"Yes," she answered, "I'm ruler now."

He stood for a time looking at her, then said, "Ah, wife, how great it is, that you're a monarch; now we won't wish for anything more."

"Not at all, husband," answered the wife, and she became quite agitated. "I'm getting tired of this, and can't bear it any longer. Go to the carp and say I should like to be Emperor."

"Oh, wife," said the man, "why do you want to be Emperor?"

"Husband," said she, "go to the carp. I will be Emperor."

"But, wife," cried he, "the carp can't make you an Emperor, and I don't like to speak to him about it. There's only one Emperor in the empire; the carp can't make an Emperor, indeed he can't."

"What!" cried the woman. "I'm a ruler, and you're only my husband; will you be off immediately? Go at once; if he can make me a ruler he can make me an Emperor too; and I absolutely will be Emperor. Go directly."

He was obliged to go. But as he went, he felt quite afraid, and as he walked on he thought, "This is sure not to end well. To be an Emperor! It's too impertinent, and the carp will be tired at last."

Thinking thus, he came to the sea. But the sea was quite black and thick, and it boiled up from below, so that the bubbles burst on the surface, and the wind rutled it, and raised large waves, and the man felt afraid. But he stood by the shore and said:

"Oh, fish in the sea, pray listen to me,
For my wife won't let be as I'd have it be."

"What does she want?" asked the carp.

"Alas," answered the man, "my wife wants to be Emperor."

"Go home," replied the carp, "she is Emperor already."

So the man went back; and when he got home all the palace was of polished marble, with alabaster statues and gold decoration. Before the gate soldiers were marching to the braying of trumpets and the beating of drums and cymbals; and inside the palace barons and counts were walking up and down, just as servants; they opened the doors, which were of pure gold, to him. And when he had gone in he saw his wife sitting on a throne made of one single piece of gold, thousands of feet high: she had a great golden crown on, three yards high, and set round with jewels and precious stones; in one hand she held the scepter, in the other the orb; and in two rows each side of her stood her guards, each man smaller than his neighbor, from the greatest giants, ever so many feet high, to the smallest dwarf, not bigger than my little finger. And before her stood a number of princes and dukes.

The man went and stood among them, and said, "Wife, are you Emperor now?"

"Yes," said she, "I'm Emperor."

So he went and looked at her well; and when he had contemplated her for some time, he

said, "Ah, wife, how splendid that is, that you should be Emperor!"

"Man!" said she, "what are you standing here for? I'm Emperor now, but I also want to be Pope; so do you go to the carp."

"Oh, wife," said the man, "what is it you're asking? You can't be Pope. There's only one Pope in Christendom; the carp can't do that for you."

"My good man," said she, "I will be Pope. Go quickly, for I must be Pope this very day."

"No, wife," answered the man; "I don't like to tell him that—that won't do—that's too strong; the carp can't make you a Pope."

"What nonsense, man!" said she; "if he can make me Emperor, he can make me Pope. Go away at once. I'm Emperor, and you are only my husband; will you go directly?"

Then he was frightened, and went. But he felt quite faint, and trembled and shook, and his knees knocked together. The wind was moaning over the land, the clouds were driving, and the horizon was overcast towards the west; the leaves rustled in the trees, the water rose and hissed as if it had been boiling, and splashed against his shoes; and from afar he saw the ships firing signals of distress, as they tossed and knocked about on the waves. Still the sky was a little blue in the middle, but at the sides it was all lurid and copper-colored, as if at the approach of a terrible storm. So he went timidly up, and said as he stood trembling:

"Oh, fish in the sea, pray listen to me,
For my wife won't let be as I'd have it be."

"What does she want?" asked the carp.

"Oh!" said the man, "she wants to be Pope."

"Just go home, she's Pope already," said the carp.

So he went home. And when he came there it was like a great church surrounded by a number of palaces. The people were crowding in; the interior was lit up with a thousand candles, and his wife was dressed all over in gold, and sitting on a much higher throne than the last one, and she had three golden crowns on her head. A number of high dignitaries of the church were standing round her, and on each side of her was a row of lights, of which the greatest was as tall and thick as the biggest tower, and the smallest no larger than a little rushlight; and all the Emperors and Kings were on their knees before her, kissing her slipper.

"Wife," said the man, as he looked at her, "are you Pope, now?"

"Yes," she said, "I'm Pope."

So he went and had a good look at her, and she shone so that it was like looking at the bright sun. When he had looked at her for some time, he said:

"Wife, how grand it is, that you're Pope!" But she was as stiff as a post, and never moved or stirred.

Then he said, "Wife, now be content, now that you're Pope, for now you can't be anything higher."

"I'll think about that," said the wife. And with that they went to bed. But she was not contented

—ambition would not let her sleep, and she was always thinking of what she might yet become.

The husband slept soundly and well, for he had run about a good deal the day before; but the wife could not go to sleep at all, and kept throwing herself from side to side the whole night long, considering what she might yet become, and could think of nothing. In due time the sun began to rise; when she saw the morning red, she sat up in bed and looked at the light; and when she saw through the window the sun rising, she thought, "Ha, could not I command the sun and the moon to rise?"

"Husband," she said, and gave him a dig with her elbow in the ribs, "wake up; go to the carp and tell him I want to control the sun and moon."

The man was still half asleep; but he was so frightened that he fell out of bed. He thought that he had misunderstood her, so he rubbed his eyes and cried, "What was it you said, wife?"

"Husband," she said, "if I can't order the sun and the moon to rise, and have to look on and see them rise, I can't stand it; I shan't have an hour's quiet, because I can't have them rise when I want."

And she looked at him in such a terrible way that he felt a shudder run right over him.

"Go directly," she cried, "I want to be master of the sun and moon."

"Alas, wife!" said the man, as he fell on his knees before her; "the carp can't do that. He can make you Emperor and Pope. Just reflect, I beg of you, and remain Pope."

Then she fell in a passion, her hair fluttered about her head in disorder, she tore her clothes, and she gave him a great kick, and screamed: "I can't bear it any longer; I can't bear it any longer. Will you be off!"

So he hurried on his clothes, and ran off like a man demented.

Outside there was a great storm roaring and rushing, so that he could hardly stand on his feet; houses and trees were torn down, the hills shook, great fragments of rock rolled down into the sea, and the sky was as black as pitch; it thundered and lightened, and the sea rose in great black billows as high as mountains and church steeples, each wave being capped with a wreath of white foam. Then he cried out, though he could not hear his own words for the tumult:

"Oh, fish in the sea, pray listen to me,
For my wife won't let be as I'd have it be."

"Well, what does she want?" asked the carp.

"Oh," said he, "my wife wants to be master of the sun and moon."

"Just go home," said the carp, "she's back in the old hovel already."

And there they have remained to this day.

The Six Servants

In olden times there lived a Queen who was a wicked sorceress and whose daughter was the loveliest girl under the sun. The old woman's only thought was how she could snare men to ruin, and when a suitor appeared, she would say no one except the man who could solve a certain problem should have her daughter. Many were dazzled by the beauty of the girl, and tried to perform the impossible task set them by the old sorceress, but always without success, and each had been obliged to kneel at her feet and have his head cut off.

A certain young Prince then heard of the girl's beauty, and said to his father, "I beg you, let me go and win her."

"Never, never," answered the King. "If you go, you go to certain death."

So the son took to his bed and was an invalid for seven years, and no doctor did him the least good.

When his father saw there was no hope of his getting better he said sorrowfully, "Go if you like and try your luck. I don't know what else to advise."

So the son got up from his couch, perfectly well, and set out in gay spirits.

It happened that as he rode over a common he saw something on the ground in front like a great mound. This, when he came nearer, proved to be a very stout fellow who was lying stretched on the ground.

The fat man, when he saw the horseman, stood up and said: "If you want anyone as a servant, take me."

The Prince asked, "What could I do with such a clumsy attendant?"

"Oh," said the fat man, "that's nothing to you so long as I behave myself well. If I like I can make myself a thousand times fatter."

"If that's the case," said the Prince, "come with me; I think you may serve my purpose."

So he went on, followed by the fat man. At a little distance he came to another man lying stretched on the grass with his ear pressed against the ground.

"What are you doing?" asked the Prince.

"I am listening," answered the man.

"And what are you listening to so attentively?"

"I am listening to all that is going on in the world. I have such keen hearing that nothing escapes me. I can even hear the grass grow."

"Well, I should like to know," said the Prince, "what you hear going on at the court of the old Queen with the beautiful daughter. Can you tell me?"

"Yes. I hear the swish of the sword that is being sharpened to cut off a suitor's head."

Then the King's son said, "You will be useful to me, so come along."

So the three pursued their road.

Next a pair of feet was seen in the distance, and parts of the legs could be seen also, but the rest was invisible. After walking a good way they came to the body and the head too.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the Prince, "what a long Tom you are!"

"Yes," was the answer, "but when I stretch my limbs out properly I am three thousand times as long, and taller than the highest mountain on earth. If you'll engage me, I'll serve you well."

"Come along, then," replied the Prince. "You may be useful."

So they all went on together and came to a man sitting by the roadside with his eyes bound up. The Prince asked if he had weak eyes and was unable to bear the light.

"No, indeed," he answered. "I have such marvelously sharp sight that I am obliged to keep the bandage on; otherwise everything I looked at would dash to bits. If such a gift is of any service to you, take me with you."

"Come along," said the Prince. "You may be useful."

They went on and next came across a man lying in the sun, shivering and shaking as if he were frozen. Not a limb of him was still.

"What makes you shiver?" asked the Prince. "The sun is so hot."

"Ah," answered the man, "my nature is different from other people's. The warmer the

weather the colder I am and the more I shiver; and when the weather is cold I become hot. On ice I cannot breathe for heat, and in the middle of a furnace I am so cold I don't know what to do."

"You are a wonderful fellow certainly," said the Prince. "If you would like to be my servant, come along."

They went on and came to a man with such a long neck that he was standing peering round him over all the mountains.

"What are you looking at so intently?" asked the Prince.

"I have such bright, keen eyes," he replied, "that I can see over woods and fields, mountains and valleys, to the very end of the world."

The Prince then said, "Come with me. It would not do to pass by such a curiosity."

Soon the Prince with his six extraordinary servants arrived in the town where the old Queen lived. Without saying who he was, he told the Queen that if she gave him her lovely daughter he would fulfil any task she might impose on him.

The sorceress was delighted at another fine and gallant youth falling into her snare, and said, "I will make a threefold condition; fulfil it, and you shall be my daughter's lord and husband."

"What is the first part?" asked the Prince.

"You are to bring me a ring that I have dropped into the bottom of the Red Sea."

The Prince went home to his servants and said, "The first thing to be done is not easy. A ring

must be fished out of the Red Sea. How is it to be accomplished?"

The man with the bright eyes said, "I'll look and see the spot it lies on." He looked and announced that he saw the ring hanging on a sharp stone.

The tall, lanky man said, "I could easily fetch it out if I could see it."

"If that's all," cried the fat man, "I can help." He stooped down and held his mouth open over the water. The waves broke into it as if it had been a cave, and so he drank up the whole sea and left it as dry as a meadow.

Then the long man stooped a little and picked up the ring with his hand.

The Prince in high delight took the ring to the old sorceress.

She was naturally astounded and said, "Yes, that's the right ring. The first part of the condition you have accomplished; now comes the second. Do you see over there, grazing on the meadow in front of my castle, three hundred fat oxen? These you are to devour, hair, horns, bones and all. And in the cellars below are three hundred casks of wine. These you must drink every drop of, otherwise I shall have you killed."

"Mayn't I invite a guest to the banquet?" asked the Prince. "Without company no meal is very appetizing."

The old woman laughed evilly.

"You may invite one person," she said, "but only one."

The Prince returned to his servants and said to

the fat man, "You are to be my guest today and eat yourself full for once."

The fat man then unbelted himself and became a thousand times bigger. He had no trouble in putting away the three hundred oxen, and when he had swallowed the last bone asked if there were not another course. He then drank all the wine out of the casks, not leaving so much as a drop hanging on the tap.

The old woman exclaimed, when she learned that he had performed the second part of the condition, "So far no one else has done as much as you! But now comes the third point, and this is the hardest of all and will certainly cost you your head."

Then she said, "This evening I shall bring my daughter to your room and leave her there, and you may sit with your arms round her. But be careful that you keep awake. I shall come again at twelve, and if in the meantime she has vanished you are lost."

The Prince thought, "This part of the condition sounds easy and pleasant. I shall not be likely to close my eyes." He nevertheless called his servants and confided in them what the old creature had said.

"There is no knowing what cunning lies behind the proposal," he remarked. "One cannot be too careful. So keep watch and be careful that the maiden doesn't escape from my chamber."

At nightfall the sorceress brought her daughter and put her in the Prince's arms; then the lanky one twisted himself in a circle round the pair,

and the fat man stationed himself at the door so that no living soul could come in. There the two sat and the girl did not speak a word, but the moonlight shone through the window and lit up her lovely face. The Prince could do nothing but look at her beauty, full of joy and love, and no fatigue visited his eyes. This lasted till eleven o'clock, when the old queen cast a spell over them and they all fell asleep, and at that moment the girl was taken away. They slept on till a quarter to twelve, when the spell lost its power and they awoke.

"Oh, misery and misfortune," cried the Prince. "Now I am lost indeed."

The faithful servants began to wring their hands, but the listener with the sharp hearing said, "All be quiet and let me listen."

He listened for a moment, and then reported: "She is sitting within a rock three hundred hours' journey from here and laments her fate. You alone can help her, lanky one; two or three strides will take you there."

"Yes," answered the lanky one, "but the sharp-eyed man must come also to smash down the rocks."

So the lanky man picked up the man with the bandage over his eyes, and in a second, before you had time to snap your fingers, they were standing by the enchanted rock. At once the lanky man removed the bandage from his companion's sharp eyes, and with one glance the rock was shivered to atoms. The lanky man then took the maiden up, carried her back in a moment, went

again for his comrade, and just as twelve struck they were all in their places as they had been before the spell.

The old sorceress slunk in with a sneering smile, as much as to say, "Now he must be mine," for she thought her daughter hundreds of miles away inside the rock. But when she saw the girl in the Prince's arms she was frightened and muttered, "Here's a man who can do greater wonders than I."

There was nothing now to be done but to give her daughter to the Prince. But she managed to whisper in her ear, "Shame on you to obey the behests of vulgar people; not to choose your bridegroom of your own free will."

The maiden's proud soul now rose in revolt and she planned revenge. Next morning she ordered three hundred faggots of wood to be collected and set alight, and said that although the threefold condition had been fulfilled she would not marry the Prince till one of his party had sat in the midst of the burning faggots. She imagined not one of the servants would consent to burn for their master's sake, and that he out of love for her would get into the fire himself, and so she would be rid of him.

The servants said to one another, "We have all done something except the shivering fellow; now it is his turn."

So they sent him into the furnace. It burned for three days, and when the flames subsided there stood the shivering man among the ashes, shaking like an aspen-leaf, blue with cold.

"Such a frost," he said, "I have never experienced in all my life. If it had gone on much longer I should have been frozen to death."

Now there was no escape; the beautiful girl was obliged to take the strange youth for her husband. But when he was leading her to the church the old Queen said, "I cannot bear this disgrace," and she called out the soldiers and sent them to the church to bring back her daughter.

The listener, however, had pricked up his ears and heard what the old woman was saying privately to her officers.

"What shall we do?" he said to the fat man.

The latter was ready with a plan, which was to pour out of his mouth a part of the Red Sea that he had swallowed, and this was enough to drown all the armed knights that came riding up to the church.

When the sorceress knew this she sent out large reinforcements, but these fared no better, for the sharp-eyed man took off his bandage and looked at them, and they fell to bits like broken glass.

Now the ceremony proceeded without interruption, and when it was over the six servants took their leave at the church door.

"Your desires are now all fulfilled," they said to their master. "You have no further need of us; we will therefore travel on and seek our fortune."

Half an hour's walk from the Prince's castle there was a village where a swineherd was tending his pigs.

"Do you know what I really am?" the bride-

groom asked his wife. "I am not a Prince at all, but a swineherd like that man over there, who is my father. You and I must go and help him now to feed the pigs."

So he alighted with her at the inn and gave instructions that in the night her royal garments were to be taken away, and the landlady gave her a pair of coarse woolen stockings and an old petticoat to put on.

In the morning when she woke up the Princess thought, "I have deserved all this because I have been so proud and haughty," and she quite believed her husband was a swineherd and she went out with him to feed the pigs.

This lasted eight days, and by the end of that time her feet were torn and sore, and she wondered how she could stand it longer. Then some people came one day and asked if she knew who her husband really was, and she said, "Yes, he is a swineherd, and is just gone to drive a bargain in the town."

They then said, "Come with us and we will take you to him." They led her up to the castle, and in the entrance hall her husband stood waiting to welcome her, attired in royal clothes.

At first she did not recognize him, but he took her in his arms and kissed her and said, "I suffered for you so much and now you have suffered a little for me."

Then the wedding feast was given in good earnest, and I wish you and I had been there.

The Goblin Cobblers

A cobbler, through no fault of his own, had become so poor that at last he had nothing left to make shoes with except one piece of leather. He cut it out and found it would make just one pair; then he went to bed and said his prayers, and because he had a good conscience, slept soundly.

In the morning, when he had washed and dressed, he went to his table and prepared to work at his shoes, when, to his astonishment, he found them already made. He could not understand at all how it had happened. He took the shoes in his hand and examined them. They were so carefully made that there was not a stitch in the wrong place—they were, in fact, models of good workmanship.

A few minutes later a customer came in and was so pleased with the shoes that he paid more than the usual price for them, so that the cobbler now had enough money to buy leather for four more pairs.

Early the next morning he found the four pairs finished; and so it went on, whatever he cut out overnight was made up by the morning, till in time his business became so prosperous that he was a well-to-do man.

Now it happened one evening, not long before Christmas, that the cobbler said to his wife before going to bed, "Suppose we sit up tonight in order to see whose are the hands that have helped us so much." The wife agreed and lit a candle; then they hid in a corner of the room behind some garments that were hung there, and watched. As midnight struck two naked little men came in and sat at the cobbler's table. They at once took hold of the work which had been cut out, and with their tiny fingers began sewing, stitching, and hammering, so that the cobbler, full of admiration, could not take his eyes from them. They did not leave off till they had finished the work, when they put everything in order and hurried away.

The next morning the cobbler's wife said, "The little men have made us rich; we must give them some proof of our gratitude. Running about at night at they do, they must be frozen without any clothes. I tell you what we will do—I will make each a little shirt, waistcoat, and trousers, and knit them a pair of stockings, and you shall make them a pair of shoes."

Her husband approved the plan, and in the evening, when the clothing was ready, they placed their present, instead of the cut-out leather, on the table, and then concealed themselves, to see what the little men would say.

At midnight the little men hopped in and were going to set to work at once, but not finding the leather and only the charming little suits of clothes, they showed signs of the greatest delight.

Quick as lightning, they put the things on and sang:

"So decent and smart are we,
We no more need cobblers be."

And they jumped and danced about over the chairs and tables. At last they danced out at the door, and from that day they never came again, but the cobbler remained well-off, and everything he undertook prospered.

The Brave Little Tailor

One fine summer morning a little tailor sat at his table in the window and plied his needle with all his strength. A peasant woman came down the street calling, "Good marmalade. Cheap marmalade!" That sounded tempting to the tailor's ears, and he put his curly head out of the window and shouted, "Come up here, my dear woman, here is a market for your wares!"

The woman climbed the stairs with her heavy basket to the tailor and unpacked all her pots at his bidding. He examined one after the other, held them to his nose, then said at last, "Weigh me out four ounces, my good woman, or if it's a quarter of a pound I don't mind."

The woman, who had hoped to find a good customer, gave him the quantity he asked for, but went away grumbling and cross.

"This marmalade," cried the tailor, "I will say grace for, and it shall give me an appetite."

He brought the bread out of the cupboard, cut a round off the loaf, and spread the marmalade on it. "That won't taste bad, I know," he said, "but I'll finish this waistcoat before I take a bite."

So he laid the bread and marmalade beside him and stitched on, making in his satisfaction

ever longer stitches. Meanwhile the smell of the marmalade attracted the flies, who sat in great hosts on the wall, and then descended in order to taste the good stuff.

"Who invited *you?*" said the little tailor, and drove them away. But the flies, who did not understand his language, would not be scattered, and only came again in greater force. Then the little tailor lost his temper, and seized a towel and flicked at the flies till no fewer than seven lay dead, with their legs in the air.

"What a fellow you are!" he said, admiring his own bravery; "the whole town shall know of your exploit." And the little tailor with all speed cut himself out a belt, hemmed it, and on it inscribed the words, "Seven at one stroke!" "Not only the town," he ejaculated, "but the whole world shall know it!" And his heart waggled with excitement like a little lamb's tail.

The tailor put the belt round his loins with the intention of going out into the world, because the workshop had become too small for his great bravery. Before starting, he looked round to see if there was anything worth taking with him, and saw nothing except an old cheese, which he stuck in his pocket. In front of the door he noticed a bird caught in a bush; this went into his pocket too, to keep the cheese company.

Now he stepped out jauntily, and being so light and small he felt no fatigue. The road led up a mountain, and when he had reached the highest peak he found sitting there a powerful

giant, who was calmly looking round him. The tailor went up to him and said pluckily:

"Good-day, comrade; are you sitting there surveying the great world further on? I am on my way there. Do you feel inclined to come with me?"

The giant looked with scorn at the tailor. "You miserable ragamuffin. Puny wretch!" he exclaimed.

"Oh indeed, you think so, do you? But look here!" answered the little tailor. And he unbuttoned his coat and showed the giant his belt. "Read there what sort of man I am."

The giant read, "Seven at one stroke"; thought it was *seven men* the tailor had slain at one stroke, and felt a little more respect for him. But he determined to test him first; so he took up a stone and crushed it in his hand till water came out of it.

"Imitate me and do that," said the giant, "if you really have any strength."

"Only *that?*" said the tailor; "that is mere child's play." He put his hand in his pocket, drew forth the soft cheese, and squeezed it till the moisture ran out.

The giant did not know what to say, but he was still doubtful about the little man's power, so he took a stone and threw it so high that it went almost out of sight.

"Now," he said, "do that, you wretched dwarf."

"Well thrown, certainly," remarked the tailor; "but your stone fell to earth again. I will show you one that won't come down any more."

He took the bird from his pocket and threw it into the air. The bird, happy at obtaining its freedom, flew off and did not come back. "There, what do you think of that performance, comrade?" asked the tailor.

"You can throw, I don't deny," answered the giant; "but now I'll just prove if you can carry a decent weight."

He led the little tailor to a mighty oak tree, which had been felled and lay on the ground. "If you are strong enough, help me to carry this out of the wood."

"With pleasure," said the little man. "You take the trunk on your shoulder, and I will carry the branches, which is the most difficult part."

The giant took the trunk on his shoulder, and the tailor seated himself on a branch, and as the giant could not look round he was obliged to carry not only the whole tree, but the tailor too.

The latter had a very good time behind, whistled gaily, and sang snatches of "Three tailors rode out of the city," as if tree-carrying were the merest child's play.

The giant, after he had carried the heavy burden some distance, was out of breath, and called that he could not go farther and must let the tree fall.

The tailor jumped off, caught hold of the tree with both arms, as if he had been carrying it all the way, and said to the giant, "To think of a big fellow like you not being able to carry the tree!"

They walked on together until they came to a

cherry-tree, when the giant grasped the top, where the ripest fruit grew, pulled it down, put it in the tailor's hands, and told him to eat as many cherries as he could. But the little tailor was far too weak to hold the tree. The giant let go, and the tree, springing back into the air, carried the little tailor with it.

When he had jumped again without hurt to the ground, the giant exclaimed, "Hullo! hadn't you the strength to hold that slender stem?"

"It has nothing to do with strength!" the tailor answered; "do you suppose, after killing seven with one stroke, I couldn't have done it? I simply jumped over the tree because there was a huntsman aiming at me from behind the bushes. Jump it yourself if you can."

The giant made an attempt, but could not clear the tree, and remained suspended in the branches; so again the little tailor had the best of it.

The giant then said, "As you are such a brave little fellow, come to our cave and stay the night there."

The little tailor was quite ready, and followed his host. When they arrived at the cave, other giants were there sitting round the fire, and each held a roasted sheep in his hand, and was eating it as if it were a bun. The little tailor thought, "Things are much more advanced here than in my workshop." Then the giant showed him a bed and told him to lie down and rest. But the bed was too big for the tailor, and instead of lying in it he crept into a corner. When midnight came, and the giant thought the little tailor was sound

asleep, he took an iron nail, ran it with one blow into the bed, and thought he had made an end of the little grasshopper.

At break of day the giants went out into the wood and had forgotten all about the tailor, when he came tripping towards them as lively and unconcerned as ever. The giants were greatly alarmed, believing he would kill them, and they ran away as fast as they could. The little tailor walked on, still following his sharp little nose.

When he had wandered a long way he came to the courtyard of a royal palace, and by that time he was so tired that he flung himself down on the ground and fell asleep. While he lay there people came to stare at him, and read the inscription on his belt, "Seven at one stroke!"

"Ah!" they thought, "this must be some great hero. What is he doing here in times of peace?" They went and informed the King, and said that if war should break out this man would be useful, and he must not be allowed to go away.

The King fell in with the idea and sent one of the courtiers to offer the tailor, when he should wake, a post in his army. The messenger stood watching the sleeper, and on his stretching his legs and opening his eyes, made the offer.

"That was my object in coming here," answered the little tailor. "I am ready to enter the King's service."

He was therefore received with great honor and given a special house to live in. But the other officers were jealous of the tailor, and wished him a hundred miles away. "What would become of

us," they said to each other, "if we got to quarreling with him, and he with every stroke killed seven of us? We should have no chance." So they resolved to go in a body to the King and tender their resignations. "We are not fit," they explained, "to hold our own against a man who can take seven lives at a blow."

The King, sorry to lose all his faithful servants for the sake of one man, wished he had never set eyes on him, and longed to get rid of him. But he had not the courage to give him notice, for he feared the tailor might slay him and his people and put himself on the throne. He thought a long time; then at last hit upon a plan. He sent a message to the little tailor to the effect that, as he was such a great, courageous hero, he wished to make him a proposal, which was as follows:

In a certain wood in his dominions lived two giants, who by murder, rapine, and plunder worked great mischief, and nobody dared risk their lives in confronting them. If the tailor would overcome and kill these two giants the King promised he would give him the hand of his only daughter in marriage and half his kingdom. He would also give him a force of a hundred knights to assist in the tast of killing the giants.

"Think what a lift for a man like you," thought the tailor to himself; "a beautiful Princess and half a kingdom are not going begging every day."

So he made answer: "Certainly, I will go and overcome the giants. As for the hundred knights, I shall not want them; a man who can kill seven at a stroke is more than a match for two."

The little tailor set out, and the hundred knights followed. When they came to the outskirts of the wood, he said to his companions, "Stay here while I settle the giants." He ran on alone into the wood, looking to right and left as he went. In a little while he espied the two giants. They lay under a tree asleep, nearly snoring off the branches overhead. The little tailor busied himself by filling his pockets with stones and climbed up the tree. Halfway up he slid on to a branch immediately over the sleepers' heads, and then let his stones fall on one of the giants' breasts. For a long time the giant did not move, but at last he roused himself and, shoving his companion, asked, "Why are you hitting me?"

"You are dreaming," replied the other; "I didn't hit you."

Again they lay down to sleep. Then the little tailor threw a stone on the second giant.

"What's that?" he cried. "Why are you pelting me?"

"I am not pelting you," answered the first, and growled.

They quarreled a bit, but as they were both tired they let the matter drop, and their eyes closed once more. The little tailor renewed his game, selected his biggest stone, and flung it on the first giant with all his might.

"This is too annoying," shouted the giant. He sprang up like a madman, and pinned his companion to the tree with such force that the tree shook. The other paid him back in the same coin, and they grew so furious that they tore up trees

by the roots and hurled them at each other, till at last they both lay dead on the ground.

At once the little tailor jumped off the tree. "A piece of good fortune," he said, "that they didn't tear up the tree I was sitting on."

He drew his sword and inflicted a wound on the breast of both, then he went to the knights and said: "The work is done; I have put an end to the two giants, but it was a terrible encounter. In self-defense they tore up trees by the roots, but of course that was of no avail against a man who can strike down seven at a blow."

The knights could not believe him until they rode into the wood, where they found the giants swimming in their own blood, and the uprooted trees lying all round.

The little tailor now demanded of the King his promised reward, but the King repented, and racked his brains again for some way of ridding himself of the little man.

"Before you win my daughter and the half of my kingdom," he said, "you must accomplish yet another heroic deed. You must capture a unicorn that is at large in the wood, doing great harm."

"I am even less afraid of a unicorn than of two giants," boasted the tailor.

He took a halter and an axe and started for the wood, telling the party that was sent with him to wait outside. He had not long to look; the unicorn came in sight immediately and made straight for the tailor.

He stood still and waited till the animal was quite close, then sprang nimbly behind a tree.

The unicorn made a frantic rush at the tree, and gored it with his horn so firmly that he could not get it out again, and was caught.

"Now I've got you, my bird," said the tailor, coming out from behind the tree. He laid the halter round the animal's neck, then hewed its horn out of the tree, and led it home to the King.

But the King would not yet grant the promised reward, and made a third condition. Before his wedding was fixed the tailor must go into the wood again and catch a wild boar that was doing great damage there.

"I will go with pleasure," said the tailor; "hunting a wild boar is child's play."

When the boar saw the tailor, it ran towards him, foaming at the mouth, with gnashing teeth, ready to knock him over. The nimble hero, however, skipped into a chapel that stood near, and out again in a twinkling through the window. The boar followed, but the tailor flew round outside and shut the door, so that the enraged brute was entrapped, for he was too heavy and not agile enough to jump through the window.

The hero then went to the King and told him that whether he liked it or not he was obliged now to keep his promise and give him his daughter and half his kingdom.

The wedding was celebrated with great magnificence, but with little rejoicing, and the tailor became a King.

Soon afterwards the young Queen heard her husband one night talking in his sleep. "Boy," he called, "just finish off this waistcoat and stitch

these trousers for me at once, or I'll hit you over the head with the yard-measure." Then she discovered in what station of life her lord and master had been born, and complained the next morning to her father that she had been allowed to marry a husband who was only a tailor.

The King comforted her by saying, "Tomorrow night leave your dressing-room door open; my servant shall wait outside, and when he is asleep my servants shall creep in and bind him, and put him on board a ship that will bear him to the other end of the world."

The tailor-King's page had heard what the other King said, and disclosed the plot to his master.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "I will put a stop to that little affair."

At night he went to bed at the same time as usual and lay down by his wife. She, when she thought he slept, got up, opened the dressing-room door, and lay down again. The little tailor, who was only pretending to be asleep, began to sing out in a shrill voice, "Boy, finish off that waistcoat and stitch those trousers, or I'll hit you with the yard measure over the ears. I have killed seven at one blow, slain two giants, caught a unicorn and a wild boar; is it likely I should be afraid of anyone in that dressing-room?" When the little tailor was heard saying this, everybody was frightened, and the men who were going to bind him scampered off, and not a single soul ever dared make an attempt to touch him again. Thus the brave little tailor remained King to the end of his days.

King Throstle-Beard

A King had a daughter who was beautiful beyond description, but so haughty and disagreeable that no suitor was good enough for her. She not only rejected one lover after another, but poked fun at them.

Once the King gave a great feast, and invited all the marriageable bachelors to come to it from far and near. They were all ranged in a line according to their rank. First came the kings, then the princes, dukes, counts, and barons, and, last of all the pages. The King's daughter moved down the line, but to every one she had some objection to make. This one was too fat, "Beer-barrel," she ejaculated scornfully; that one too tall and thin, "Daddy long-legs," was her comment on him. Another was too short—"Short and stout and awkward," she said. The fourth was too pale and "A death's head"; a fifth too red—"A turkey-cock." The sixth was not upright enough - "Like a piece of bent wood behind the stove"; and so on.

But the one she made especially merry over was a King with a crooked chin. 'Good gracious!" she exclaimed, laughing, 'the fellow has a chin like a throstle's beak." And from that day the

King was given the name of Throstle-beard. The old King, when he saw that his daughter did nothing but make game of people, and that she despised all her suitors, grew very angry, and swore she should marry the first beggar who came to his gates.

A few days later a wandering musician began to sing for alms under the window. The King heard him and ordered the man to be brought in. The musician came in his dirty, ragged clothes, sang before the King and his daughter, and then asked for some small reward.

The King said, "Your song has pleased me so much that I will give you my daughter's hand in marriage."

The Princess shuddered, but the King went on, "I made a vow that I would give her to the first beggar-man who came this way, and I will hold to my vow."

It was no good to resist. The clergyman was sent for and the Princess was united to the wandering musician.

After the marriage the king said, "Now you are a beggar's wife, it is no longer seemly for you to stay in the castle. You and your husband must go at once."

The beggar led her out by the hand, and she was obliged to accompany him on foot. They came to a great wood, and the Princess asked, "To whom belongs this wood, I wonder?"

The musician replied.

"It belongs to the good King Throstle-beard;
Hadst thou taken him it would be thine."

And she answered:

"I, a poor maiden gently reared,
Ah, would I had taken King Throstle-beard."

Then they came to a meadow and she asked again, "To whom belongs this pretty green meadow?"

"It belongs to the good King Throstle-beard;
Hadst thou taken him it would be thine."

And again she sighed:

"I, a poor maiden gently reared,
Ah, would I had taken King Throstle-beard."

Then they came to a big town, and again she asked, "To whom belongs this beautiful town?"

"It belongs to good King Throstle-beard;
Hadst thou taken him it would be thine."

To which she replied:

"I, a poor maiden gently reared,
How I wish I had taken King Throstle-beard."

"I am displeased," said the musician, "at your wishing so continually for another husband. Am I not enough?"

At last they reached a very small house, and she exclaimed:

"The smallest house I did ever see,
Whose, pray, may this hovel be?"

The musician answered, "It is my house and yours, where we are going to live together."

She was obliged to stoop so as not to bump her forehead as she went in at the low little door.

"Where are the servants?" asked the Princess.

"What servants?" answered the beggar. "You'll have to do everything for yourself. Look sharp, now; light the fire, put the water on to boil, and then cook my supper. I am precious tired."

But the Princess knew nothing about making fires and cooking meals, and the beggar-man was obliged to lend a helping hand, or nothing would have been done. After their frugal supper they went to bed, but early the next morning he made her turn out to do the housework.

For a few days they lived in this fashion, consuming all their provisions, and then the man said, "Look here, wife, this can't go on. We are eating a lot and earning nothing. You shall plait baskets."

He went out, cut some willow branches, and brought them home; his wife began to plait, but the rough branches tore and scratched her delicate hands.

"I see," he said, "that won't do. You shall spin instead; perhaps you will be able to spin better than you can plait."

She sat down and attempted to spin, but the hard threads cut her soft fingers, and the blood poured from them.

"You see," he said, "how it is. You are no good for any work, and I have made a bad bargain in marrying you. Now I must try and start a trade in pots and pans and earthenware articles. You must sit in the market and sell them."

"Oh dear," thought she; "suppose anyone from my father's kingdom would come to the market and see me selling pots and pans, how they would jeer at me!"

But there was no help for it; the only alternative was to die of hunger. The first time she did well, for people bought things from the woman because she was pretty, and willingly paid the price she asked—indeed, several gave her the money and made her a present of the pots.

The two lived on her earnings as long as they lasted, and then the man bought another lot of earthenware and crockery. She sat in a corner of the marketplace, arranged her wares, and offered them for sale. Then suddenly a drunken soldier, whose horse was running away, rode into her stall, and smashed all the pots to atoms. She began to cry and was in despair as to what she should do. "Oh dear, what will become of me?" she moaned. "What will my husband say?" And she ran home and told him of her misfortune.

"Tears are not fitting in the eyes of a vendor of earthenware," said her husband. "You are not suited to any proper work. I have been, therefore, to the palace of our King, and asked if you could not be employed there as kitchen maid. They have promised to give you a trial, and you will get your board for nothing."

So the Princess became a kitchen-maid. She had to drudge for the cook, and do the dirtiest work. She kept in a pocket under her dress a jar with a stopper, in which she took home savings and scraps, and on these she lived.

It happened that the King was to give a ball in honor of his eldest son's coming of age. On the great night the poor young woman went upstairs to look on from behind the doors of the salon. As she saw the lights lit one after the other, and all the beautiful people in beautiful dresses being announced, she almost wept at the dazzling splendor of everything, and thought with sorrow of her own wretched fate, repenting bitterly her haughty and discourteous behavior, which had plunged her into such poverty. From the costly dishes which were carried to and fro, the delicious smell of which made her mouth water, the waiters now and then threw her a few scraps, and these she put in her jar, with the intention of taking them home.

When the King's eldest son walked into the salon, arrayed in velvet and silk, with jewels and a gold chain round his neck, he saw the poor woman peeping from behind the door, and took hold of her hand and asked her to dance with him. But she refused, trembling, for she recognized King Throstle-beard, the suitor who had wooed her and whom she had held up to ridicule and scorn. But in spite of her struggles, he insisted on drawing her into the hall, when the string that secured the pocket under her dress gave way. Her jar rolled out and the soup and scraps fell all over the floor. The people laughed, and she became the object of general amusement. She wished herself a thousand miles under the earth, she felt so ashamed. She rushed to the door, longing to escape, but on the staircase a

man stopped her and brought her back, and when she looked at him he, too, had the face of King Throstle-beard. In a kind and friendly voice he said to her:

"Don't be afraid. I and the fiddler with whom you lived in the wretched hovel are one and the same person. I disguised myself for love of you; I, too, was the drunken soldier who rode into your stall and knocked over your pots. These things have happened to break your haughty spirit, and to punish you for your pride."

She wept and sobbed bitterly. "I was very wrong," she said, "and I am not worthy to be your wife."

He, however, comforted her. "The past is over," he said. "Now we will celebrate our wedding feast in good earnest."

At this ladies-in-waiting came and arrayed her in splendid clothes, and her father and his whole court came and wished her joy on her marriage with King Throstle-beard.

Mother Holle

A widow had two daughters, one of whom was pretty and industrious, the other ugly and lazy. She had, however, a much greater affection for the ugly and lazy daughter, because she was her own daughter; the other had to do all the work, and was the Cinderella of the household. The poor girl was obliged to go out on the high-road every day and sit by a well and spin till her fingers bled.

Now it happened once that the spindle became blood stained, and when she went to the well to wash it, the spindle dropped out of her hands and fell in. Crying, she ran to her stepmother and told of her misfortune. The stepmother scolded her violently, and said she would not forgive her till she had fetched the spindle out of the well again. The girl went back to the well, not knowing what to do. At last, in her fear of more scolding, she plunged into the well. She lost consciousness, and when she came to herself she was lying on a green meadow in the sunshine, surrounded by thousands of lovely flowers. She rose and walked across the meadow till she came to an oven full of bread.

The bread said, "Take me out, take me out, or I shall burn. I've been baking so long."

The girl advanced, and with the bread-shovel took all the loaves out one after the other. Then she went farther, and came to a tree laden with apples, which cried, "Shake me, shake me; we apples are all too ripe."

So she shook the tree, and the apples rained down by hundreds, till there were no more left on the tree. Then she gathered them in a heap and went on.

At last she came to a small house. An old woman peeped out of the window at her, but she had such big teeth that the girl was frightened and wanted to run away. The old woman called out, "Why are you frightened, dear? Stay with me, and if you will do my housework properly you shall have a nice home here. You must be careful to make my bed well and shake the mattress till the feathers fly about, and then it will snow in the world. I am Mother Holle."

Because the old woman spoke so kindly, the girl took heart, and consented to enter her service. She performed all her duties to the old woman's satisfaction, and shook up the mattress till the feathers flew about like snowflakes; so she had a comfortable home, and had meat, either boiled or roasted, every day for dinner.

After a time, she grew sad, and did not know at first what was the matter, but at last she was certain it was homesickness; although it was a thousand times pleasanter at Mother Holle's than at home, yet she had a longing to go. At last

she said, "I have a great yearning for home, and though I like everything down here very much, I cannot stay, but must go up to my own people."

To which Mother Holle replied: "I am pleased to hear you say you wish to go home, and as you have served me well and faithfully I will take you up myself."

She took her by the hand and led her to a great gateway. The gate opened, and as the girl was standing just under it, a shower of gold fell over her, and all the gold hung on her clothes, so that she was covered from head to foot.

"You shall have all this because you have been so industrious," said Mother Holle, and gave her, besides, the spindle which she had let fall into the well.

Suddenly the gate was shut with a bang, and the girl was up above in the world again, not far from her mother's house. When she came into the yard the cock sat on the pump and cried:

"Cock-a-doodle-do.
Our golden girl has come home again."

Then the girl went in to her mother, and because she was covered with gold she and her sister received her kindly.

The girl told them all her adventures, and, hearing how she had come into such riches, the mother planned that her ugly, lazy daughter should get her share too. She sent her to spin by the well, and, to make her spindle blood-stained, she pricked her finger and put her hand

into a hedge of thorns. Then she threw the spindle down the well and jumped in after it.

Like the other, she came to the beautiful meadow and followed the same path. But when she reached the oven and the bread shouted, "Take me out, take me out, or I shall burn," the lazy girl answered, "I don't want to dirty myself, thank you," and continued her walk.

Soon she came to the apple-tree, which cried as before, "Shake me, shake me; we apples are all too ripe."

She answered, "I dare say; but an apple might fall on my head," and went on.

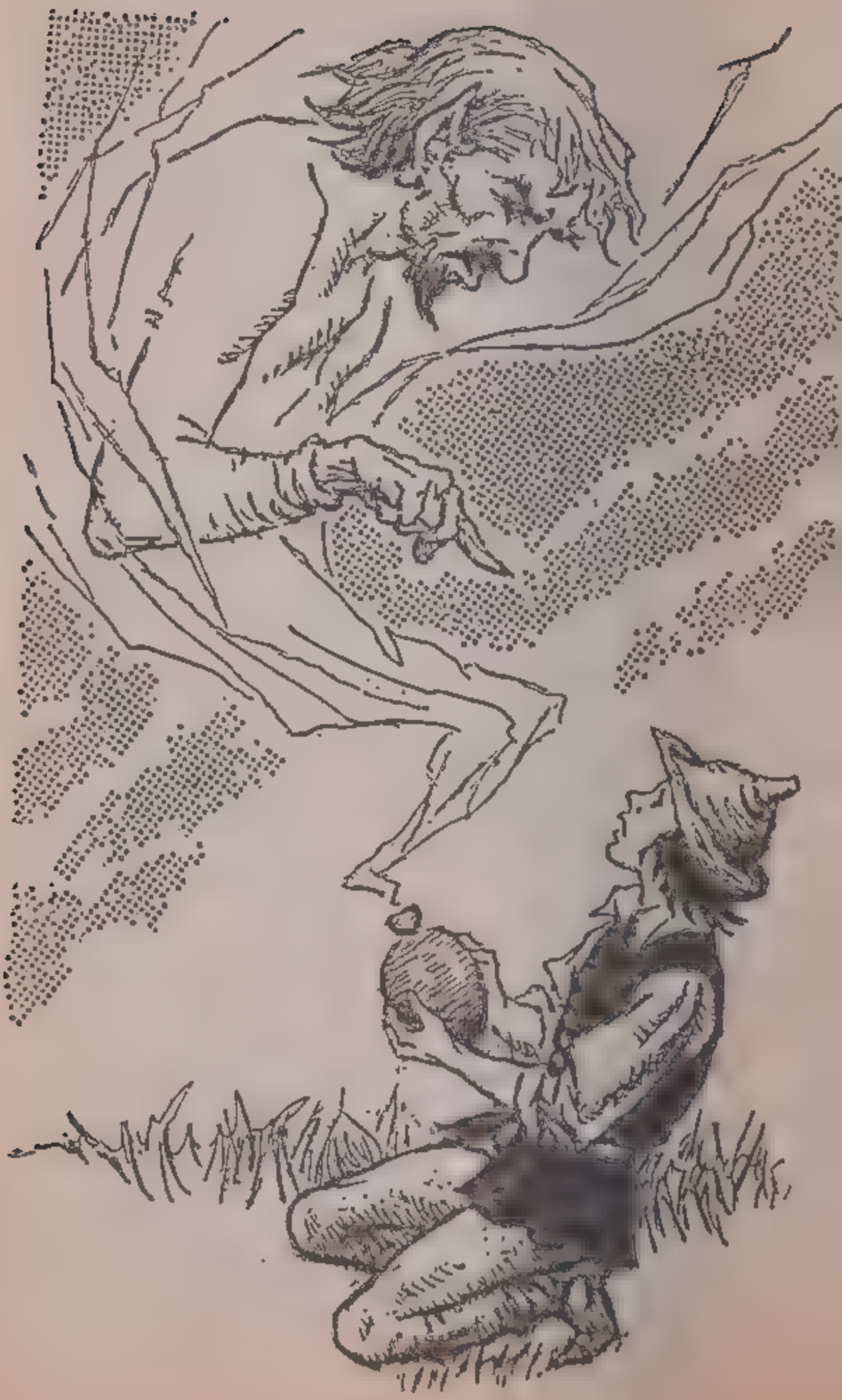
When she came to Mother Holle's little house she was not afraid, because she had been warned that the Dame had big teeth. The first day the ugly girl tried hard to be industrious and to obey the wishes of Mother Holle, because she thought of all the gold that was to be her reward; on the second day, however, she began to be idle; on the third she was worse, as she almost refused to get up early in the morning, and she forgot to make Mother Holle's bed properly and to shake the mattress till the down flew about. Mother Holle by that time was tired of her, and gave her notice. The lazy girl was quite content, and thought, "Now it's time for the gold rain!"

Mother Holle led her to the gateway, but as she stood under it, instead of gold, a great kettle of pitch was poured over her. "That is in reward for your services," said Mother Holle, and shut the gate.

So the lazy girl went home covered with pitch, and the cock on the pump, when he saw her, exclaimed:

"Cock-a-doodle-do.
Our dirty girl has come home again."

The pitch wouldn't wash off, and it stuck to her till the end of her days.



The Bottled Spirit

There was once a poor woodcutter who worked from early morning till late at night. When at last he had scraped together a little money he said to his boy, "You are my only child, so I will give you the money I have earned with the sweat of my brow to spend on your education. Learn something useful, then you will be able to support me in my old age when my limbs are too stiff for me to do anything but sit by the fireside."

The boy went to a school and studied diligently. His teachers praised him for his industry and he stayed there some time. Then he went to college, but before he was perfect in everything he was obliged to leave, for his father's savings had run out. He came home, and his father said sorrowfully, "I can do no more for you, and now can earn nothing beyond what is necessary for our daily bread."

"Dear father," answered the son, "don't worry about it. If God so wills, it must be for the best." And when the old man started to cut down trees the next day he offered to go with him.

"Yes, my son," said his father, "come; but it will be hard for you, as you are not used to such toil and labor. Besides, I have only one axe and no money to buy another."

"Never mind," said the son, "we will borrow an axe of our neighbor, who will, I am sure, let me keep it till I earn a new one."

So the father borrowed an axe from his neighbor, and at break of day they went together into the forest. The son helped his father and was in gay spirits.

When the sun was high in the heavens the old man said, "We will rest now and have our lunch. This is the best time."

The son took his portion of bread and then said, "You rest, father, but I am not tired. I will take a little stroll and look for birds' nests."

"You ninny," exclaimed his father, "if you run about now you'll be too worn out to raise an arm. Better sit by me and rest."

But the son strolled on, ate his bread, and was happy and contented as he looked up in the green branches above him for birds' nests. He walked up and down till he saw a fine oak of gigantic circumference which was hundreds of years old. He stood still and thought, "Many a bird must have built a nest there."

Then he fancied he heard a voice. He listened hard and it certainly was a muffled voice saying, "Let me out! Let me out!" He looked round, but could discover nothing, and it seemed as if the voice came from the ground. So he called, "Where are you?"

The voice answered, "I am here, under the oak roots. Let me out! Let me out!"

The student began to dig among the roots, and at last came to a small hollow in which he found

a glass bottle. He raised it in the air and held it against the light. There was a thing inside like a frog, jumping frantically up and down. "Let me out! Let me out!" it cried again, and the youth, meaning no harm, drew out the cork. Immediately a spirit came out of the bottle, grew and grew till a terrible fellow, half as tall as the tree, stood before the student.

"Do you know," he said in gruff and awful tones, "what will be your reward for letting me out?"

"No," answered the student fearlessly. "How should I know?"

"I must break your neck for it," answered the spirit.

"A pity you didn't say so a little sooner, and I would have let you stay where you were. As for my head, you will leave it alone, as other people must be consulted before you touch it."

"People or no people, you must have the reward you richly deserve. Do you think I was imprisoned there for nothing? No, it was my punishment. I am the mighty Merkurius; whoever frees me is bound to have his neck broken."

"All right," said the student coolly, "but even that cannot be done in a hurry. First, I must have proof that it was really you, great hulking fellow, who sat in that small bottle. If you can get in again I shall be convinced, and you can then do what you like with me."

The spirit answered loftily, "A very simple trick," and he shrank and shrank till he was thin and small enough to creep through the opening

of the bottle. Scarcely was he inside before the student deftly screwed the cork in and flung the bottle into its old place under the roots of the oak. The spirit was checkmated.

The student now intended to join his father again. The spirit, however, squealed piteously. "Oh, let me out! Let me out!" The student said, No, he would do nothing of the sort. But the spirit made him listen to argument. He promised not to break his neck, but to give him wealth that would last his life long.

"I dare say," said the young man. "You would only deceive me in the same way again."

"You are wrecking your own chances of happiness by refusing," declared the spirit. "I swear not to touch a hair of your head."

The student then thought, "I'll risk it. Perhaps he will keep his word." So he took the cork out, and the spirit grew taller and taller, as before.

"Now you shall have your reward," said the giant; and he handed the student a case of plaster, saying, "If you touch a wound with one end, it will heal; and if you strike steel or iron with the other end, it will change either into silver."

"Let me try it first," said the student, and went to a tree, from which he hewed off a bit of bark with his axe, then touched the place with the plaster, and the bare place became covered with bark again. "It is genuine," he said to the giant. "Now we may separate."

The spirit thanked him for rescuing him, and the student thanked the spirit for his present, and they went their several ways.

When the student came back his father grumbled, and asked what he meant by neglecting his work so long. "I told you you would never make anything of it," he said.

"Don't disturb yourself, father; I'll soon make up the time I've wasted."

"Make up!" repeated the father wrathfully; "how, I should like to know?"

"Look out, father; I'll have that tree down with one blow!" He took his plaster and rubbed the axe with it, then struck; but because the iron had turned into silver the blade of the axe bent. "I say, father, look what a bad axe you borrowed; it is all crooked."

The father looked aghast and said, "A pretty mess you've made of it! Now you will have to pay for the axe, and where the money is to come from I don't know. You have certainly been a lot of help."

"Don't be vexed," said the son, "I shall be able to pay for the axe."

"Oh, you blockhead!" cried the father, "how will you pay? You have no money. Your brains may be good, but you understand nothing about woodcutting."

After a while the student remarked, "Father, I can't work any more, let us have a half-holiday."

"Eh, what?" answered his father. "Do you think I can afford to twiddle my thumbs? I am bound to work; but you may as well go home, for you are no good."

"But, father, this is the first time I've been in the forest. I can't find my way alone. Come with

me, pléase," he said, and, the father's anger having cooled a little, he consented to go home.

Then he said to his son, "Go and sell the damaged axe and see what you can get for it; the rest I must earn in order to make the loss good to my neighbor."

The son took the axe and carried it to a goldsmith's in the town, who tried it, laid it on the scales, and said, "It is worth four hundred thalers, and I haven't so much in cash to give you."

The student said, "Well, give me as much as you have; the rest I'll lend to you."

So the goldsmith gave him three hundred thalers and remained a hundred in his debt.

Then the student went home and said, "Father, I have money. Go and ask what the neighbor will take for his axe."

"I know without asking," answered the old man; "one thaler and six groschens."

"Well, then, give him two thalers and twelve groschens: that will be double," the son said. "You see I have a lot of money," and he gave his father one hundred thalers, saying he should now never want for anything, but live in comfort always.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the old man, "where did this wealth come from?"

Then the son told how things had happened. With the remainder of the money he went back to college; and in time, because his plaster could heal all wounds, he became the most famous physician in the world.

The Spindle, the Shuttle, and the Needle

A young girl had lost her parents when she was very young. She had a godmother, who lived all alone in a little cottage at the end of the village, and lived on what she earned by her needle, her spindle, and her shuttle. This good woman had taken the orphan home, and had taught her to work, and brought her up in piety and the fear of God.

When the young girl was fifteen years old her godmother fell sick. She called the child to her bedside and said, "Dear child, I feel that my end is near. I leave you my cottage; it will protect you against wind and rain. I also give you my spindle, my shuttle, and my needle, which will enable you to earn your living."

Then placing her hand upon the girl's head she blessed her, and said, "Keep your heart pure and honest, and happiness will come to you." Then her eyes closed; the poor girl went weeping beside her godmother's coffin to the graveside.

After this she lived all alone, working bravely at weaving, spinning, and sewing; and the blessing of the good old woman kept her from harm. One would have thought that her stock of flax

would never run out, and as soon as she had woven a piece of stuff, or made a shirt, a purchaser was sure to come and pay well for it; so that not only was she free from want, but had even something to give to the poor.

About this time the King's son came roaming through the country in search of a wife. He could not choose a poor one, and he did not like a rich one. So he said he would choose the girl who was at the same time the poorest and the richest. On coming to the village where our young girl lived, he asked, according to his wont, to be shown the poorest and the richest girl in the place. The richest was quickly found; as for the poorest, they told him it must be the young girl who lived in the lonely cottage at the end of the hamlet.

When the Prince passed by the rich girl was sitting dressed in her best in front of her door; she rose and went towards him with a profound curtsey. But he looked at her, and without a word passed on. He then came to the cottage of the poor girl; she was not at the door, but shut up in her room. He stopped and looked through the window into the room, which a ray of the sun lighted up. She was sitting at her spinning-wheel, working industriously. On her part she secretly observed the Prince looking at her; but she blushed scarlet, and continued spinning with her eyes cast down; only I won't warrant that her thread was quite even. She went on spinning until the Prince was gone. So soon as she had lost sight of him, she ran to open the window, saying,

"It's so hot here!" and she followed him with her eyes as long as she could perceive the plume on his hat.

At last she sat down again and resumed her spinning. But a rhyme she had often heard her old godmother sing came into her mind, and she sang:

"Run without stopping, spindle dear,
See that thou bring my true love here!"

And what happened? The spindle sprang suddenly from her hands and rushed out at the door. She followed it with her eyes, quite stupefied with wonder. It ran and danced across the fields, leaving a thread of gold behind it. In a little while it had gone too far for her to see. Having no spindle, she took her shuttle, and began to weave.

The spindle ran on and on, and by the time its thread was all unwound it had overtaken the Prince. "What do I see?" he cried. "This spindle wants to conduct me somewhere." Turning his horse, he galloped back, guided by the golden thread. The young girl continued working, singing the while:

"Run to meet him, shuttle dear;
See thou guide my bridegroom here."

Then the shuttle sprang from her hands and hopped out at the door. But, arrived on the threshold, it began to weave the most splendid carpet ever seen. On each side were garlands of

roses and lilies, and in the center green vines grew out of a golden ground. Hares and rabbits were represented jumping in the leaves, and stags and squirrels looked out from among them. On the branches were perched birds of a thousand hues, who only wanted voice to make them perfect. The shuttle went on running, and the carpet-weaving advanced marvelously.

As she had lost her shuttle, the young girl took her needle, and began singing:

"He's coming, he's coming, my needle dear;
See thou that all things are ready here."

The needle jumped from her fingers and began running round the room as quick as lightning. It was as if little invisible spirits had taken up the matter; the tables and benches covered themselves with green tapestry, the chairs were dressed in velvet, and silken hangings appeared on the walls.

Scarcely had the needle pierced its last stitch when the girl saw the white plume of the Prince's hat pass the window. He had been brought back by the golden thread. He entered the room, stepping over the carpet, and there he saw the young girl still dressed in her poor clothes, but shining among all this sudden splendor like a wild rose on a bush.

"Thou art at once the poorest and the richest," he cried. "Come, thou shalt be my wife."

She held out her hand to him without replying. He gave her a kiss, lifted her on his horse,

and carried her off to the court, where their wedding was celebrated with great rejoicings.

As for the spindle, the shuttle, and the needle, they were carefully preserved in the royal treasury.

The Magic Herbs

Once upon a time there was a young hunter who went into the wood in search of game. He was of a bright and cheerful disposition, and as he walked along he whistled on a leaf. An ugly old hag appeared and said to him, "Good day, dear hunter; you seem merry and content, but I am hungry and thirsty, so give me a trifle."

The good-natured fellow's pity was excited, and he put his hand in his pocket and gave her a bit of his fortune. Then he wished to walk on, but the old hag held him back and said, "Listen, dear hunter. As you have such a kind heart I will give you a present. Go your way, and after a while you will come to a tree on which sit nine birds with a mantle in their claws. Take aim with your fowling-piece and shoot into the middle of them; they will let the mantle fall, but one of the birds will be hit too, and fall dead on the ground. Take the mantle with you, for it is a wishing mantle; you have only to throw it over your shoulders and you will find yourself at once in any place you may wish to go to. Take the heart out of the dead bird's breast, and swallow it whole, and you will find every morning when you get up a gold coin under your pillow."

The hunter thanked the wise woman and thought, "She promises me pleasant things. I wonder if they'll come to pass." But he had not gone a hundred steps when he heard a great twittering and calling among the branches, and on looking up saw a number of birds tearing with their claws and beaks at a cloth which they dragged about. They were fighting and disputing as to which of them should have it.

"Really, this is wonderful!" exclaimed the man; "everything is happening as the old crone said it would," and he took aim and fired so that the feathers of the birds thickened the air. The covey took flight, but one bird fell wounded to the earth, and the mantle, too, dropped at his feet. Then the hunter obeyed the old woman's instructions, ripped up the bird, took out its heart, swallowed it whole, and carried the mantle home.

The next morning when he woke he remembered the old woman's prediction, lifted his pillow, and saw the flash of a gold coin.

The next morning he found another, and so it went on till he had a great pile of gold. Then at last he asked himself, "What is the good of all this wealth if I stay at home. I will use it and see the world."

So he bade farewell to his parents, hung up his hunter's wallet and gun, and set off. It happened one day that he came through a dense forest, at the other end of which, lying in the valley, was a very grand castle. In one of its windows an old woman and a beautiful girl stood looking out.

The old woman was a witch, and said to the girl, "There comes a man who has a wonderful treasure in his inside; we must relieve him of it, daughter dear. It will agree with us better than with him. It is a bird's heart, and every morning he finds a gold coin under his pillow."

She then told the girl her design of robbing him, and the part she was to play in the plot, and with flashing eyes threatened her that if she did not do as she was told it would be the worse for her.

When the hunter drew near he caught sight of the girl at the window, and said to himself, "I have walked a long way, and will ask to be put up in this nice castle. I have money enough to pay for luxurious quarters." But it was the pretty girl in the window that attracted him.

He entered the house, and was warmly welcomed and entertained.

Then the old woman said, "Now we must get hold of that bird's heart; he will never miss it."

She prepared a hot drink, and when it had boiled poured it into a goblet, which she told the girl to give to the hunter.

"Here, my dearest," she said, "drink my health."

He took the goblet and drained it. When he had reached the dregs the bird's heart came out of his body. The girl picked it up on the sly and swallowed it herself.

From this time forward he found no gold coins under his pillow, but from under the girl's pillow the old witch reaped a rich harvest. The

young man, however, was so much in love, that he took no heed of anything but the pretty girl.

Then the old woman said, "We have got the bird's heart: now we must have the wishing mantle."

The girl answered, "No, let him keep it as he has lost his wealth."

The old woman flew into a passion, and said, "A mantle such as that is a valuable possession. I will and must have it." So she gave the girl blows, and said if she did not obey her she would rue it.

The girl thereupon did the old woman's bidding. She placed herself in the window and gazed at the distant view as if she were miserable.

"Why do you stand there looking so sad?" asked the hunter.

"Ah, my dear," she gave answer, "over there lie the granite mountains, where the costliest jewels and precious stones come from. I cherish so great a longing for them that it makes me sad to think how impossible it is to get them. Only the birds that fly can go there. Men never."

"If that is the cause of your sadness," the hunter said, "I can relieve your mind." Thereupon he caught her under his mantle, wished himself at the granite mountains, and the next instant they were both sitting there. The costliest gems glittered all round them, and they gathered up some of the most precious. But the witch, with her magic, had made the hunter's eyes heavy and weary. He suggested to his companion that they should sit down and rest a little.

"I am so tired," he said, "I am ready to drop." And he laid his head in the girl's lap and fell asleep. When he was in a sound slumber she unfastened the mantle from his shoulders, put it over her own, and, shoveling up her diamonds, rubies, and pearls, wished herself at home.

When the hunter awoke, he saw the trick his lady-love had paid him, and that he was alone and deserted on the strange mountains.

The mountain he was on belonged to some monstrous giants who lived there, and he had not been long awake before he saw them striding towards him. He lay down again and shammed being in a deep sleep.

The first giant stumbled on him with his foot, and exclaimed, "Here's a miserable earthworm lying inside out!"

"Trample on it," said the second.

But the third said, "It's not worth the trouble. Let him be, he can't stay where he is; if he climbs higher to the top of the mountain the clouds will carry him away."

They went on, and the hunter marked what they had said. When they were out of sight he stood up and climbed to the top. He sat there a few minutes and then a cloud floated near: he caught hold of it, and after being wafted about in the sky was dropped into a garden of herbs.

The hunter looked round and said, "I haven't had much to eat lately, and I am hungry; but here is no sign of apples and pears, or fruit of any sort. Nothing but vegetables and herbs."

At last necessity drove him to appease his hunger with a salad. "Though not very nourishing," he reflected, "it will at least refresh me." So he chose a fine lettuce, ate some, and at once experienced an extraordinary sensation. He felt himself changing utterly. He developed four legs, a thick head, and two long ears. To his horror, he saw that he was now an ass. Still feeling hungry, however, he grazed on another vegetable, and discovered that he was changing again back into his human shape. After that, he lay down and slept off his weariness.

The next morning he took a specimen of both salads. "These," he said to himself, "shall help me to recover my property and punish the unfaithful." So with the bundle of salad in his pocket he went to search for the castle in which his lady love lived. He found it after two days' wandering. He stained his face brown so that his own mother would not have recognized him, and went up to the castle asking to be taken in. "I am so exhausted," he said, "I cannot go another step."

The witch asked, "What is your business, my good fellow? Who are you?"

"I am one of the King's scouts," he answered, "and I have been sent out to find the most costly salad under the sun. I am thankful to say I have been successful, and have it with me."

At the mention of a choice salad the old witch's mouth watered, and she said, "My dear fellow-countryman, let me taste this wonderful salad."

"Why not?" he said. "I have brought away two bunches, and can easily give you one," and he handed her the dangerous kind.

The witch suspected nothing, and took it into the kitchen to prepare it herself. When it was ready she could not wait till it was on the table, but took a leaf or two and put them in her mouth. Directly she had swallowed it she lost her human form, and ran away across the yard an ass.

Then the servant girl came into the kitchen, and, seeing the salad was ready, took it to carry upstairs, but, from old habit, tasted it on the way, became an ass likewise, and ran after the other into the yard.

Meanwhile the hunter sat waiting with the pretty girl for the salad, but as no one brought it, she said, "I wonder where the salad is."

The hunter thought, "The herb is beginning to act by this time"; then said aloud, "I will go down to the kitchen and inquire for it."

When he got there he saw the two asses rambling about in the yard, and the salad on the floor.

He picked up the remaining leaves, laid them on the dish, and took them up to the girl.

She ate some of it, and, like the others, was at once deprived of her human form, and ran into the yard an ass.

Afterwards the hunter washed his face, so that the transformed ones should recognize him, and, going into the yard, said, "Now you shall pay the penalty of your falseness." So he bound them together with a rope and drove them along till they

came to a mill. He tapped on the windowpane, and the miller put out his head and asked what was his business.

"I have three stubborn animals," he answered, "that I can't keep any longer. If you take them off my hands and give them board and lodging I will pay you well."

"All right," said the miller, "but what shall I do with them?"

Then the hunter told him to give the eldest ass (the witch) three beatings a day and only one meal; the second ass (the servant girl), one beating and three meals, and the youngest (his former sweetheart) no beating and three meals, for he could not harden his heart to allow the girl to be beaten. After this he returned to the castle and found there all he wanted.

In a few days the miller came and informed him that the old ass who had been given three beatings and only one meal a day, was dead. "The two others," he went on, "are still alive and get three meals, but they are so depressed and sad, I don't think they can last much longer."

The hunter, touched at this, allowed his anger to abate, and told the miller to drive them back to him. When they came he gave them the other bunch of salad to eat, so that they should become human beings again.

Then the pretty girl fell at his feet, and said, "Alas, my love, my mother forced me to do wrong. Pardon me, for I did it against my will. I love you dearly. Your wishing mantle hangs in a cupboard over there."

This quite pacified him, and he said, "Keep them both, for it is all the same thing. I intend to make you my wife."

So they married, and lived happily together till they died.

Rumpelstiltskin

Once upon a time there was a miller who had a very beautiful daughter. She was not only beautiful but shrewd and clever; and her father was never tired of boasting about the wonderful things she could do.

One day, having to go to the palace on business, he told the King that his daughter could spin gold out of straw.

Now the King was very fond of money; and when he heard the miller's boast, he at once ordered the girl to be brought before him. Then he led her to a room where there was a great quantity of straw, gave her a spinning-wheel, and said, "All this straw must be spun into gold before morning; if it is not you will surely be put to death."

It was in vain that the poor maiden declared that she could do no such thing: the door was locked and she was left alone in the room.

She sat down in one corner and began to weep over her hard fate, when suddenly the door opened, and a funny little man hobbled in, and said, "Good morrow, my lass, what are you crying for?"

"Alas," said she, "I must spin all this straw into gold, and I don't even know how to begin."

"What will you give me," asked the little man, "to spin it for you?"

"My beautiful necklace," replied the maiden.

The dwarf took her at her word, and sat himself down to the wheel; round and round it went merrily, and presently the work was done and all the gold spun.

When the King came and saw this, he was greatly surprised and pleased; but his heart grew still more greedy, and he shut up the poor miller's daughter in another room with a fresh task. She knew not what to do, and sat down once more to weep; but the little man presently opened the door, and asked, "What will you give me to do your task?"

"This diamond ring," replied she.

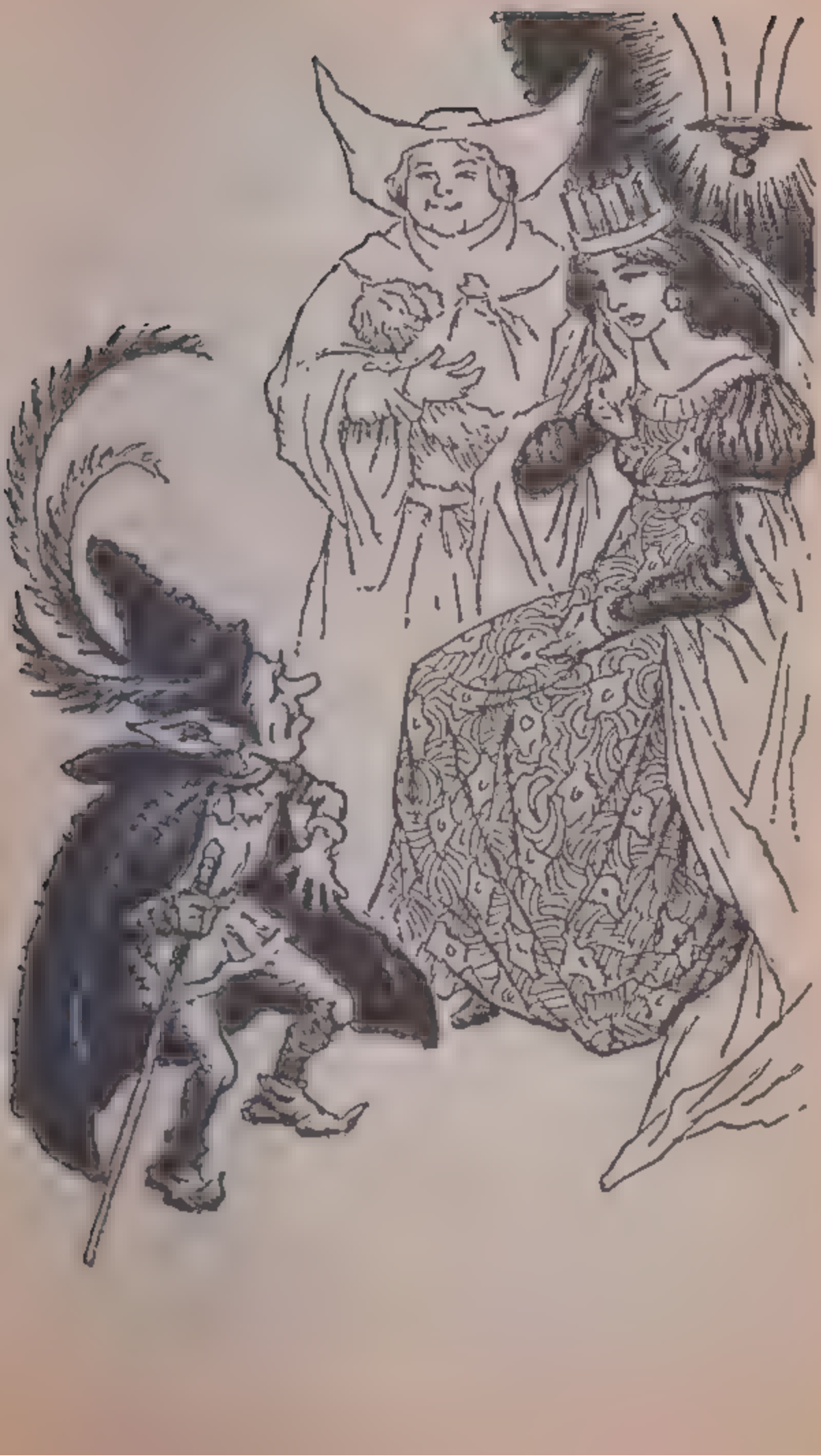
So her little friend took the ring, and worked away at the wheel till by morning all was finished again.

The King was greatly delighted to see all this glittering treasure; but still he was not satisfied, and took the miller's daughter into a yet larger room, and said, "If all this is spun tonight you shall be my Queen."

As soon as she was alone the dwarf came in, and asked: "What will you give me to spin the gold for you this third time?"

"I have nothing left to give," said she.

"Then promise me," said the little man, "your first little child when you are Queen."



"That may never be," thought the miller's daughter; and as she knew no other way to get her task done, she promised what he asked, and he spun once more the whole heap of gold.

The King came in the morning, and finding all he wanted, married her.

At the birth of her first little child the Queen rejoiced greatly, quite forgetting the little man and her promise. But one day he came into her room and reminded her of it. Then she grieved sorely at her misfortune, and offered him all the treasures of the kingdom in exchange; but in vain, till at last her tears softened him, and he said, "I will give you three days' grace, and if during that time you tell me my name, you shall keep your child."

Now the Queen dispatched messengers all over the land to inquire for new names.

The next day the little man came, and she began with Timothy, Benjamin, Jeremiah, and all the names she could remember; but to all of them he said, "That's not my name."

The second day she began with all the comical names she could hear of, Bandy-legs, Hunchback, Crook-shanks, and so on, but the little old gentleman still said to every one of them, "That's not my name."

The third day came back one of the messengers, and said, "As I was climbing a high hill among the trees of the forest, I saw a little hut, and before the hut burnt a fire, and round about the fire danced a funny little man upon one leg, and sang:

"Today I'll brew, tomorrow bake;
Merrily I'll dance and sing,
Tomorrow will a baby bring:
The lady cannot stop my game,
Rumpelstiltskin is my name!"

When the Queen heard this, she jumped for joy, and as soon as her little visitor came, and asked, "Now, lady, what is my name?" "Is it John?" asked she. "No!" "Is it Tom?" "No!"

"Can your name be Rumpelstiltskin?"

"Some witch told you that! Some witch told you that!" cried the little man, and dashed his right foot in a rage so deep into the floor that he was forced to lay hold of it with both hands to pull it out. Then he made the best of his way off, while everybody laughed at him for having had all his trouble for nothing. And the Queen never saw him again.

The Blue Light

There was once a soldier who had served his King faithfully for many years. But when peace was proclaimed and the war was over, the King said to the soldier, who had been wounded several times, "Now you can go home; I require your services no longer. I cannot give you further pay, for I only pay those who earn money."

The poor soldier did not know how he should live. He tramped homewards, and on his way found himself in a great forest. When darkness fell, he saw a light which came from a cottage in which an old witch lived. "Give me a bed and something to eat and drink," he said to her, "otherwise I shall perish."

"Ho, ho," she answered, "who would care to feed a deserter for nothing? However, I will have compassion on you and take you in, if you will do as I desire."

"What do you desire me to do?" asked the soldier.

"To dig up my garden tomorrow."

The soldier consented, and worked the next day with all his strength. However, he could not get it done by the evening.

"I see," said the witch, "that you can't do any

more tonight, so I will keep you another night, and in return you must chop a clump of wood for me into little pieces."

The soldier took the whole day over it, and in the evening the witch proposed that he should stay another night.

"Tomorrow I have only a very light task for you. Behind my house is an old dried-up well into which I have dropped my light, a blue one, which is never extinguished. You shall fetch it for me."

The next day the old crone led him to the well, and lowered him in a basket. He found the blue light, and made a sign to her to draw him up again. She drew him up, but when he reached the edge of the well she held out her hand to seize the blue light. But he, seeing her evil design, said, "No, I shall not give you the light till I am standing with both feet on the ground." Then the witch lost her temper, let him drop into the well again, and went away.

The poor soldier fell, without hurting himself, to the bottom. The blue light still burned, but what help was that? He saw death staring him in the face. For a while he sat lost in sad reflection. Then he chanced to put his hand in his pocket and find his pipe, which was half filled with tobacco. "This shall be my last enjoyment," he said; drew it out, lit it with the blue light, and began to smoke. As the smoke rose and floated on the air, a little black man suddenly appeared and said:

"Sir, what are your orders?"

"Why should I order you about?" asked the soldier, astonished.

"I must do all," said the little man, "that you desire."

"Very well," said the soldier, "help me out of the well."

The little man took his hand and led him through an underground passage, not forgetting to take the blue light too. He showed him on the way the treasure the witch had collected and hidden here, and the soldier helped himself to as much gold as he could carry.

When he was above ground he said to the little man, "Go, please, bind the witch hand and foot, and take her before the judge."

In a few minutes she flashed by on the back of a wild tom cat, screaming horribly, and the mannikin said, "It is all over; by this time she hangs on the gallows."

Then the little man said, "Sir, I await further orders."

The soldier replied, "Just now I have nothing more for you to do; you can go home, only, if I call you, be ready."

"It is not necessary to call," explained the little man, "you have only got to light your pipe with the blue light and I shall be beside you at once." And he instantly vanished.

The soldier went back to the town. He went to the best inn, bought fine clothes, and ordered a room to be splendidly fitted up for him. When it was ready, he summoned the black mannikin

and said, "I served the King faithfully, but he sent me away to starve, and now I wish to be revenged on him."

"What am I to do?" asked the little fellow.

"Go in the night to the palace, and bring me the King's daughter to be my maid-servant."

The little man said, "An easy thing for me to do, but a dangerous undertaking for you."

On the stroke of midnight the door sprang open, and the little man brought in the King's daughter.

"Ah, there you are!" exclaimed the soldier. "Fetch the broom at once and sweep out the room."

When she had finished sweeping, he called her to his armchair, stuck out his legs, and bade her take off his boots. He then threw them in her face, and told her to clean and polish them. She did everything without showing a sign of resistance, silently, and with half-closed eyes. At cock-crow the little black man carried her back to the palace and laid her in her bed.

The next morning she went to her father and told him she had had a wonderful dream. "I was carried as quickly as a flash of lightning through the streets and brought into a soldier's room. I was obliged to serve him like a common servant, sweep the room, and brush his boots. Although it was only a dream, I am as tired as if I had really done it."

"Perhaps it was more than a dream," said the King. "Take my advice and fill your pocket full

of peas; then make a tiny hole in the pocket, and if you are fetched again the peas will fall out in the street and show the way."

While the King was speaking the little black man stood by invisible and heard all. At night, when he again carried the sleeping Princess through the streets, some of the peas, it is true, fell on to the pavement, but they had no effect, for the cunning little man had beforehand strewn *all* the streets with peas. The Princess had again to drudge till cock-crow like a common servant.

The next day the King sent out men, but on a fool's errand, for in every street the poor children were picking up peas and saying, "Last night it must have rained peas."

"We must think of another plan," said the King. "Keep on your shoes when you go to bed, and leave one behind at the place you are carried to, and I will have it found."

The black mannikin heard, and when he was requested to bring the Princess to the soldier that night, he said, "I am fairly baffled this time; if the shoe is found in your room things may fare badly with you."

"Do as I tell you," answered the soldier.

So for a third night the Princess came and worked like a servant. But before she was carried away she hid one of her shoes under the bed.

The following morning the King had the whole town searched for his daughter's shoe; it was found in the soldier's apartment. The soldier himself, who, acting on the entreaties of the little black man, had hurried out at the town gates, was

soon overtaken and cast into prison. In the flight he had forgotten his most priceless property, the blue light and the witch's gold. He only had a few small coins on him. Loaded with chains, he was standing at his prison window when he saw one of his old comrades go by. He tapped on the windowpane, and as the man drew near, said to him, "If you will go to my inn and fetch a small bundle I have left there I will give you something for your trouble." The comrade ran quickly and brought him the bundle. As soon as the soldier was alone, he kindled his pipe with the blue light, and his little black friend stood beside him.

"Don't be afraid," he said, "go with them calmly wheresoever they take you, but don't forget the blue light."

The next day the soldier was tried by the judges, and though he had done nothing wrong, he was condemned to death. When he was brought to the gallows he besought the King to grant him a last favor.

"What sort of favor?" asked the King.

"That I may smoke a pipe on the way."

"You may smoke three pipes, but remember they won't save your life," retorted the King.

The soldier drew out his pipe, lit it with the blue light, and before a ring of smoke had floated in the air, the little man, with a cudgel in his hand, stood before him saying, "What orders, my master?"

"Strike the false judges to the ground, and do not spare the monarch who has treated me so shamefully," was the command.

The small man lashed about with fury, and felled everyone round him to the earth. The King groveled on the ground, and, in order to save his life, promised the soldier his kingdom and his daughter.

One-Eye, Two-Eyes, and Three-Eyes

There was a woman who had three daughters, of whom the eldest was called One-eye, because she had only one eye, in the middle of her forehead; the next one Two-eyes, because she had two eyes like other people; and the youngest Three-eyes, because she had three eyes, and the third was likewise in her case in the middle of her forehead. But because Two eyes did not look any different from other human beings, her mother and sisters could not bear her. They said to her, "You, with your two eyes, are no better than the common folk; you do not belong to us." They pushed her about and threw her old clothes, and gave her nothing to eat but the scraps left over, and made her suffer in every way they could.

It happened that Two-eyes had to go out into the field to tend the goat, but was very hungry, because her sisters had given her so little to eat. So she sat down on a ridge and began to weep, and wept so much that two little streams flowed from her eyes. And once when she looked up in her distress, a woman stood by her who asked, "Two eyes, why do you weep?"

Two-eyes answered, "Why should I not cry? Just because I have two eyes like other people

my sisters and my mother cannot bear me, push me about from one corner to another, throw dish clouts at me, and only give me the scraps left over to eat. Today they have given me so little that I am still quite hungry."

The wise lady replied, "Little Two-eyes, dry your face. I will tell you something, and that is you need not feel hungry any more. Just say to your goat:

'Little kid, bleat, bleat,
Little table, I would eat,'

and there will appear a freshly-laid table with delicious food on it, of which you may eat as much as you like. And when you are satisfied and do not require the table any longer, just say:

'Little kid, bleat, my dear,
Little table, disappear,'

then it will vanish before your eyes." With that the wise woman went away.

Two-eyes thought, "I must try at once and see if what she says is true, for I am so hungry," and said:

"Little kid, bleat, bleat,
Little table, I would eat."

Hardly had the words been spoken before a table stood there covered with a little white cloth, and on it a plate, with a knife and fork and a silver spoon, and the most delicious eatables spread round, smoking and still hot as though they had just come from the kitchen.

Then Two-eyes said the shortest grace she knew,

"The Lord make us truly thankful. Amen," and set to and ate heartily. When she had had enough she repeated what the wise woman had taught her:

"Little kid, bleat, my dear,
Little table, disappear."

The little table and everything on it at once disappeared. "That is a nice sort of housekeeping," thought Two-eyes, and was quite happy and cheerful.

In the evening when she came home with her goat, she found a little earthern bowl of food that the sisters had placed for her, but she did not touch it. The next day she went out again with her goat and left the few crusts set aside for her. The first and second time the sisters noticed nothing, but when it happened every time, they remarked upon it and said, "Something must be wrong with Two-eyes; she leaves her food untouched every time, yet she used to eat up all that was provided for her; she must have found some by other means." In order to arrive at the truth of the matter One-eye resolved to accompany Two-eyes when she drove the goat out to the pasture, and to keep watch on her movements and see whether anyone brought her food and drink.

When Two-eyes was ready to start, One-eye stepped up to her and said, "I will go with you into the field and see that the goat is well tended and brought to a place where there is enough fodder."

But Two-eyes perceived what One-eye meant to do, and drove the goat out into long grass, saying, "Come, One-eye, we will sit down together: I want to sing you something." One eye sat down, tired from the unaccustomed walk and the heat of the sun, and Two-eyes sang over and over again:

"One-eye, are you waking?
One-eye, are you sleeping?"

And then One-eye shut her eye and went to sleep. When Two-eyes saw that One-eye slept soundly and could not discover anything, she said:

"Little kid, bleat, bleat,
Little table, I would eat,"

and seating herself at her table she ate and drank till she was satisfied. Then she cried again:

"Little kid, bleat, my dear,
Little table, disappear,"

and everything disappeared immediately.

Two-eyes now awoke One-eye and said, "One-eye, you try to keep watch but fall asleep, while the goat might stray all over the place; come, we will go home."

Then they went home and Two-eyes again left her little dish untouched. One-eye could not inform her mother why she would not eat, and gave as an excuse, "I fell asleep out of doors."

The next day the mother said to Three-eyes, "This time you must go and watch whether Two-eyes eats out of doors, and whether anyone brings her food and drink, for she must eat and drink secretly."

So Three eyes stepped up to Two-eyes and said, "I will go with you, too, and see whether the goat is well tended and given enough fodder."

But Two-eyes saw her motive and drove the goat out into long grass, and said, "We will sit down over there, Three-eyes: I want to sing you something." Three-eyes sat down, tired with the walk and the heat of the sun, and Two-eyes sang over again the same little song:

"Three eyes, are you waking?"

But instead of singing as she ought:

"Three-eyes, are you sleeping?"

she sang from carelessness:

"Two-eyes, are you sleeping?"

and continued:

"Three-eyes, are you waking?
Two eyes, are you sleeping?"

Three-eyes then shut two of her eyes and slept, but the third, to which the little rhyme was not addressed, did not sleep. Three-eyes did indeed shut it, but only out of cunning, as though it, too, was asleep; but it blinked and could see everything quite well. And as Two-eyes imagined Three-eyes to be fast asleep, she said her little verse:

"Little kid, bleat, bleat
Little table, I would eat,"

then ate and drank to her heart's content, and afterwards bade the table begone:

"Little kid, bleat, my dear,
Little table, disappear."

But Three-eyes had seen everything.

Two-eyes came up to her and awoke her, saying, "Ah, Three-eyes, have you been asleep? You can watch well! Come, we will go home."

When they got home, Two-eyes again ate nothing, and Three-eyes said to the mother, "I know now why the conceited creature does not eat: when she says to the goat out of doors:

'Little kid, bleat, bleat,
Little table, I would eat,'

a table stands before her covered with delicious food much better than we have, and when she has had enough, she says:

'Little kid, bleat, my dear,
Little table, disappear,'

and everything disappears; I saw it all exactly. She sent two of my eyes to sleep with a little rhyme, but the one in my forehead fortunately kept awake."

Then the envious mother cried, "Do you want to fare better than we do? You shall wish in vain for the future!" She brought a butcher's knife, and stuck it into the goat's heart so that the creature fell dead.

When Two-eyes saw that, she went out full of sorrow, sat down on the ridge in the field and shed bitter tears.

At once the wise woman appeared again beside her and said, "Little Two-eyes, why do you weep?"

"Have I not good reason to cry?" she answered. "The goat that had my little table spread so nicely every day, whenever I repeated your little verse, has been killed by my mother; now I must again suffer hunger and thirst."

The wise woman said, "Two-eyes, I will give you some good advice. Ask your sisters to give you the dead goat's entrails, and bury them in the ground in front of the house door, and it will bring you luck."

With that she disappeared, and Two-eyes went home and said to the sisters, "Dear sisters, give me just something from my goat; I do not ask for anything good, only give me the entrails."

Then they laughed and said, "You may have that, if that is all you want."

Two-eyes took the entrails and buried them in the evening, when all was quiet, in front of the door, according to the wise woman's advice.

The next morning, when they all awoke and went out of the front door, there stood a wonderfully fine tree with leaves of silver and fruit of gold hanging between them, and there could certainly have been nothing more beautiful or costlier in the world. But they did not know how the tree had come there in the night. Only Two-eyes noticed that it had grown out of the remains of the goat, for the tree stood exactly on the spot where she had buried them.

The mother said to One-eye, "Climb up, my child, and take the fruit off the tree for us."

One-eye climbed up, but whenever she tried to take hold of one of the golden apples the branch slipped out of her hand; and this happened every time, so that she could not break off a single apple, try in whatever position she would.

Then the mother said, "Three-eyes, you climb up; you can look round better with your three eyes than One-eye."

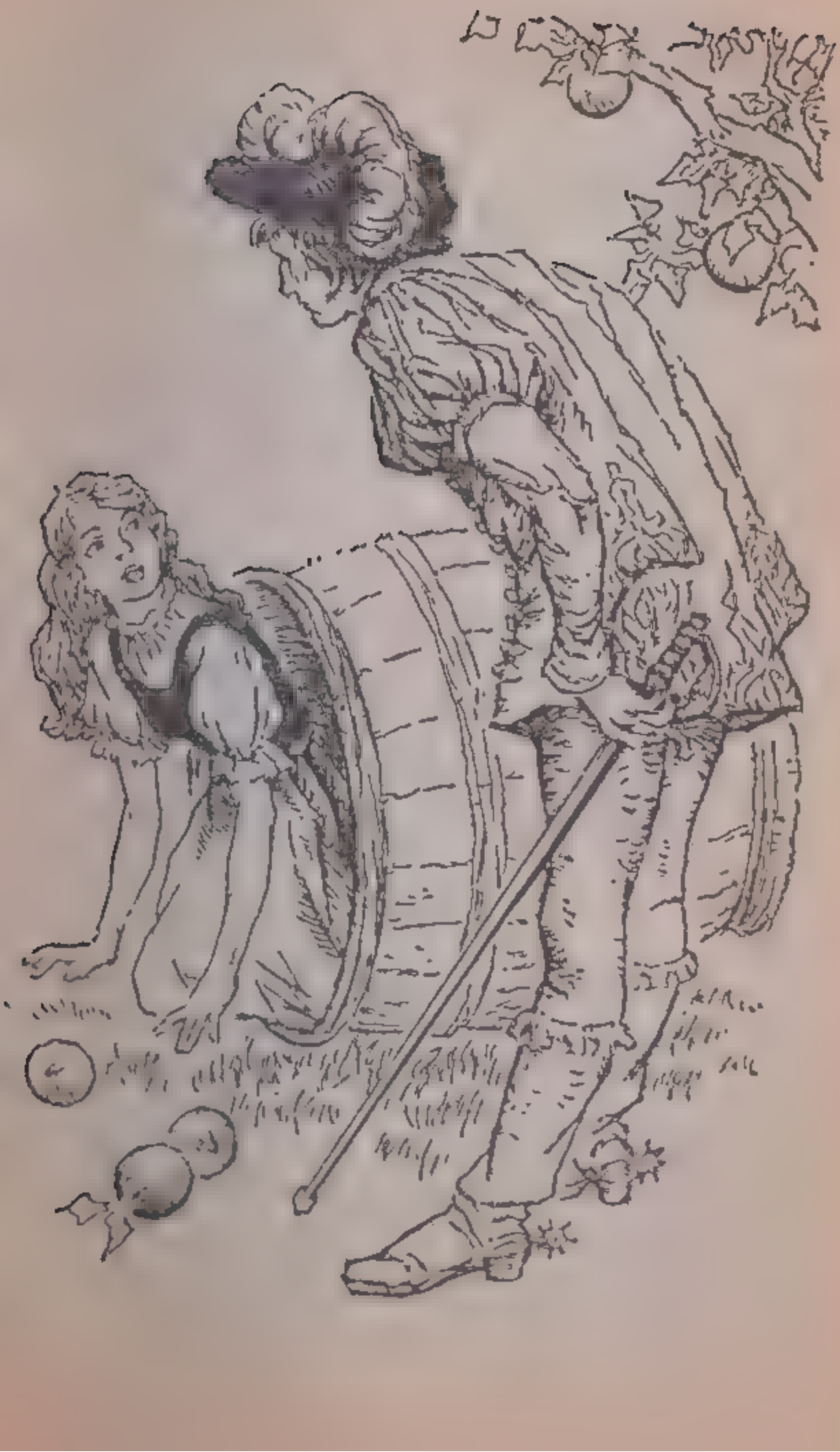
One-eye scrambled down and Three-eyes climbed up, but Three-eyes was no more successful, and strive as she might the golden apples swung back.

At last the mother became impatient and climbed up herself, but could take hold of the fruit no better than could One-eye or Three-eyes, and always caught at the empty air.

Two-eyes then said, "I will go up; perhaps I shall fare better."

The sisters called out, "You, with your two eyes; what can you do?"

But Two-eyes climbed up, and the golden apples did not draw back from her; it was just as though they came towards her hands, so that she could pick off one after the other and brought down a whole apron full. The mother took them from her, and instead of treating poor Two-eyes any better, the mother and One-eye and Three-eyes were so jealous that she alone could pick the fruit that her lot was even harder than before.



It happened once that as they were standing together by the tree a young knight came by.

"Quick, Two-eyes," called the two sisters, "crouch down that we need not be put to shame by you," and hastily they threw over poor Two-eyes an empty barrel that stood by the tree, and thrust the golden apples she had been picking under it as well.

When the knight drew near, he turned out to be a handsome lord. He admired the splendid tree of gold and silver, and said to the sisters, "To whom does this beautiful tree belong? Whoever will give me a branch of it may ask what she likes for it."

One-eye and Three-eyes replied that the tree belonged to them, and they much wanted to break him off a bough. They each tried very hard, but could not do it, for the branches and fruit swung away from them at every effort.

Then said the knight, "It is indeed curious that the tree should belong to you and yet you have not the power to break off anything from it."

They persisted that the tree was their property; but while they were speaking Two-eyes let a couple of golden apples roll out from under the barrel, so that they ran along to the feet of the knight, for Two-eyes was angry at One-eye and Three-eyes for not speaking the truth. When the knight saw the apples he was astonished, and asked where they came from. One-eye and Three-eyes answered that they had another sister, but she did not let herself be seen, because she had

only two eyes like any ordinary person. But the knight wanted to see her, and cried, "Two-eyes, come forward."

Thus encouraged, Two eyes came from under the barrel, and the knight was astonished at her beauty and said, "You, Two-eyes, can doubtless break me off a branch from the tree."

"Yes," replied Two-eyes, "that I can well do, for the tree belongs to me," and, climbing up, she broke off a branch with its silver leaves and golden fruit, and handed it to the knight.

He then said, "Two-eyes, what shall I give you for it?"

"Ah!" answered Two-eyes, "I suffer hunger and thirst, sorrow and want, from early morn till late at night; if you would take me with you and deliver me, I should be happy."

The knight then lifted Two eyes on to his horse and brought her home to his castle. There he gave her beautiful clothes, food and drink to her heart's content, and, because he was so fond of her, he was betrothed to her, and the wedding was held with great rejoicings.

When Two-eyes had been taken away by the handsome knight, the two sisters greatly envied her good fortune. "Yet we still have the wonderful tree," they thought, "even if we cannot break off any fruit from it, everyone will stop before it and come to us and spread the fame of it; who knows what we may reap!"

But by the next morning the tree had disappeared and their hopes with it; and when Two-eyes looked out of her little room, she saw to her

joy that it stood outside and so had followed her there.

Two-eyes lived happily for a long time. Once two poor women came to her at the castle begging for alms. When Two-eyes looked into their faces she recognized her two sisters, One-eye and Three-eyes, who had fallen into such poverty that they were obliged to wander from door to door seeking their bread. However, Two-eyes bade them welcome and treated them well and cared for them, so that they both regretted from their hearts all the unkindness they had done to their sister in their youth.

The Shoes that Were Danced Into Holes

Once upon a time there was a King who had twelve daughters, each more beautiful than the others. They slept together in a hall, where their beds stood close together in a row, and every night when they lay in them the King locked and bolted the door.

In the morning, when the door was unlocked, he saw their shoes had been danced into holes, and it was a mystery how this had happened. The King issued a proclamation to the effect that whoever could find out how the shoes were danced into holes in the night should have one of the twelve sisters for his wife and succeed to the throne after his death, but whoever undertook to solve the mystery and had not done so in three days and three nights should forfeit his life.

Soon afterwards a Prince announced his readiness to attempt the solution of the problem. He was courteously received, and in the evening led into a room adjoining the hall. A bed was made up there and he was to watch who went in and danced in the sleeping apartment of the twelve sisters. Unfortunately, the Prince's eyelids soon felt heavy, and he went off to sleep; when he awoke in the morning it was clear that all twelve

sisters had been to a dance, for there were holes in all the shoes. The second and third night he fared no better, and his head was ruthlessly cut off.

After that several more princes and noblemen came, but all met the same fate and lost their heads. Then it happened that a poor wounded soldier was passing through the town, and when an old woman asked him what he was doing there he replied in jest:

"I have half a mind to offer myself as a spy on the twelve Princesses and see where they go to dance their shoes in holes every night, and then to become King for my trouble."

The old woman took him seriously and said, "It is not so difficult as you suppose; all you have to do is not to drink the wine brought to you at night, and to sham being sound asleep." Thereupon she gave him a little cloak and said, "If you throw this over you, you will become invisible and can glide after the twelve maidens and see where they go."

The soldier, on hearing this advice, went in for the venture in good earnest and let himself be announced as a suitor. He was received with as much politeness as his predecessors and given royal raiment to put on. At bedtime he was led into the ante-chamber, and was getting into bed when the eldest daughter brought him a goblet of wine. He did not drink a drop of it, but let it all soak into a sponge he had tied under his chin. He then lay down and after a few minutes began to snore as if he were in a deep slumber.

The twelve Princesses heard his snores, and the

eldest said, "He, too, might have spared his trouble and his life."

Then they got up, opened wardrobes, drawers, and boxes, out of which they took lovely dresses, and they decked themselves before their looking-glasses, skipping gaily about, overjoyed at the prospect of their dance.

The youngest seemed slightly depressed and said, "I don't know why you are all in such high spirits. I, for my part, feel as if some misfortune were hanging over us."

"You absurd goose," said the eldest. "What is there to be afraid of? Don't you remember how many royal people have tried in vain to find out our secret? I have given the soldier a sleeping draught like I gave the others, and you may depend the lout won't wake."

When they were all ready to start, they looked at the soldier and saw that his eyes were shut and that he lay perfectly still, so they imagined everything was all right.

The eldest went to the head of her bed and knocked on it; immediately it sank through the floor, and they climbed down the opening one after the other, the eldest leading the way.

The soldier, who had watched their movements, now rose, flung on his cloak, and followed at the heels of the youngest. In the middle of the staircase he stepped on her dress, and she exclaimed in a great fright:

"Who is that? Someone caught hold of my dress."

"Don't be so silly," said the eldest. "You only caught it on a hook." And they went on till they reached the bottom. There they stood under a magnificent avenue of trees, the leaves of which were gold and silver, all flashing and gleaming.

The soldier thought, "You had better take a leaf as a witness," and broke off a twig.

The tree creaked, and the youngest sister called out, "Something is going to happen. Didn't you hear that noise?"

But the eldest again silenced her. "That was firing! Our Princes are firing salutes to welcome us."

And now they came to an avenue where all the trees had leaves of diamonds, and the soldier broke off a twig, and there was another tremendous crack.

The youngest sister jumped from fear, but the eldest insisted that the noises were only salutes.

Next they came to a lake on which twelve boats were at anchor, and in each was a charming young Prince. They were waiting for the twelve Princesses, and when they came they paired off together.

The soldier followed the youngest, and in a few minutes her Prince remarked, "How is it the boat seems so much heavier tonight? It is all I can do to move it."

"It is because the weather is so hot," suggested the youngest Princess. "I can hardly breathe."

On the other side of the lake stood a beautiful castle, brilliantly lit up, and from it came the sound of music. They all landed and entered to-

gether, and the couples danced, the soldier dancing invisibly, and whenever they stopped to refresh themselves with wine, he emptied the goblet just as they were lifting it to their lips.

This frightened the youngest Princess, but, as usual, the eldest silenced her. So they danced on till three o'clock in the morning, and by that time all their shoes were in holes, and they were obliged to leave off.

When they reached the staircase again, the soldier slipped in front and went back to bed; and as the sisters, with lagging footsteps, tired and yawning, came into their apartment, he was already snoring as loudly as ever. They took off their lovely frocks, put them away, kicked their shoes under their beds, and lay down.

The next morning the soldier did not say anything; but watched the same spectacle the second and third nights. Everything happened just the same, and the Princesses danced and danced till their shoes were almost in pieces.

The third time he took as evidence of what he had seen a goblet instead of a twig from the trees.

When the hour arrived when he was to go to the King he put the twigs and the goblet under his coat. The twelve girls stationed themselves behind the door to listen to what passed.

In answer to the King's question, "Where have my daughters danced their shoes into holes during the night?" he replied:

"In an underground castle, with twelve Princes," and he produced his evidence.

Thereupon the King ordered his daughters to

come before him, and asked whether the soldier spoke the truth. Seeing that they were found out and that it would be useless to deny anything, they confessed.

Then the King said, "Which of my daughters will you choose for your wife?" and the soldier answered:

"As I am not so very young I'll have the eldest."

So their marriage was celebrated, and the soldier inherited the kingdom.

The Drummer

One evening a young drummer was walking by himself in the fields. He came to a lake, where he found on the bank three little bits of white linen. "This is very fine linen," he said, and put a bit in his pocket. He then went home, and without thinking any more about his find lay down in bed.

Just as he was composing himself to sleep he fancied someone called his name. He listened, and then a low voice fell distinctly on his ear. "Drummer, drummer, wake up!" it said.

The night was so dark that he could see no one, but he felt as if a figure were floating up and down at the bottom of his bed. "What do you want?" he asked.

"Give me back my garment that you took away last night from the shore."

"You shall have it," answered the drummer, if you tell me who you are."

"Ah!" said the voice, "I am the daughter of a mighty King, but I am in the power of a witch, and I am banished to the glass mountain. Every day I have to bathe in the lake with my two sisters, but without my garment I can't fly away again. My sisters have flown off long ago, but I am

obliged to stay behind. I implore you to give it back to me."

"Be calm, child," said the drummer, "I will give it to you, of course."

He went and took the linen out of his pocket and handed it to her. She seized it eagerly, and turned to go.

"Wait a minute," said he, "perhaps I can help you."

"You can only help me," she replied, "by mounting the glass mountain and delivering me out of the hands of the witch. But you couldn't possibly do it; even if you were quite close to the mountain you couldn't climb it."

"Where there is a will, there's a way," said the drummer. "I pity you, and fear nothing. But I don't know the way to the glass mountain."

"The path lies through a forest inhabited by cannibals, that is all I may tell you," she answered. And then he heard her flit away.

At daybreak the drummer got up, slung on his drum, and went fearlessly into the cannibal forest. After he had gone a little distance he looked round, but saw no giants. He thought, "I must wake up the sluggards," and he beat a tattoo on his drum which frightened the birds.

In a few minutes a giant who had been lying in the grass reared his huge form, and stood there as tall as a pine-tree. "You rascal!" he exclaimed, "what do you mean by beating your drum and waking me out of my beauty sleep?"

"I am beating the drum," he answered, "be-

cause a thousand men are coming behind who want to know the way."

"What are they doing in my forest?" asked the giant.

"They intend, for one thing, to kill you, and cleanse the forest from all such monsters."

"Oh, indeed," said the giant, "I'll trample them dead like so many ants."

"Do you think you could catch them?" said the drummer, with a sneer. "If you stooped to pick up one he would be off like a shot and hide himself, and if you lay down to sleep hundreds would creep out of the bushes and climb on your body; and as they are all armed with steel hammers they would make short work of beating in your skull."

The giant grew sad, and thought, "It is difficult to know how to deal with these small, cunning folk. With wolves and bears I am at home, but I am at a loss what to do with earthworms." "Look here," he said aloud, "if you, little fellow, will go away now, I promise I will never molest you and your comrades in future, and if you have any particular wish that I can fulfil, tell me, and I will see what I can do for you."

"You have long legs," said the drummer, "and can run faster than I. Carry me to the glass mountain, and I will signal to my men to retreat and leave you in peace."

"Come here then, little worm," said the giant, "seat yourself on my shoulder, and I will carry you wherever you want to go."

The giant lifted him and the drummer began to play his drum from sheer joy. The giant thought this was the signal for the others to withdraw.

After a time a second giant stood in the path, who took the drummer away from the first giant and put him in his buttonhole. The drummer held on to the button, which was as big as a dish, and still felt in quite good spirits.

Then they came to a third giant, who took the drummer out of the other's buttonhole, and put him on the brim of his hat. The drummer walked up and down, and could see away over the treetops. Catching sight of a mountain in the blue distance, he thought to himself, "That is the glass mountain for certain," and it was. The giant had only to take a few strides to get to the foot of it.

When the giant put him down, the drummer desired him to carry him to the top, but the giant muttered something in his beard, and went back to the forest. There stood the poor drummer in front of the mountain that was so high; it was like three ordinary mountains one on top of the other, and as transparent and smooth, besides, as a mirror. He did not know what to do. He tried to climb, but in vain, for he always tumbled back.

As he stood there, not knowing how he should act, he caught sight of two men fighting. He went up to them, and saw that the bone of contention was a saddle lying on the ground.

"What fools you are," he said, "to quarrel about a saddle when you have no horse to put it on."

"The saddle is worth quarreling about," replied

one of the men. "If anyone sits on it, and wishes himself somewhere, even at the end of the world, he'll be there in a jiffy. The saddle is our joint property. It is my turn to ride on it, but he will not let me."

"I will settle the dispute," said the drummer. He went a few paces off and stuck a white pole into the ground. Then he came back, and said, "Now then, run to the pole, and who reaches it first will have first right to the saddle."

Both started, but they had not run many steps before the drummer swung himself into the saddle and wished himself at the top of the glass mountain. In a twinkling he was there.

An old stone house stood on the very top, in front of which was a large fish pond, and beneath it a dense, dark wood. He did not see a sign of man or beast. All was silent except for the rustling of the trees. The clouds seemed very close over his head.

He knocked at the door of the house, but not till he had knocked three times did an old woman with a brown face and pink eyes open it. She had spectacles on her long nose, and scanned him sharply. Then she asked what his business was, and he asked for board and lodging. "You shall have it," replied the old lady, "if you work for it. I will set you three tasks."

"Why not?" said the drummer, "I don't shirk work, and I don't care how hard it is."

The old woman then admitted him, giving him a good supper and a comfortable bed.

In the morning she took a thimble from her

shriveled finger, and, handing it to the drummer, said, "Take this thimble and with it bale out the water in the pond till there isn't a drop left. The work must be completed by night, and all the fish arranged according to their kind and size on the bank."

"A curious task," thought the drummer. He went to the pond and began to bale. He worked hard the whole morning, but what was the good of trying to empty a great sheet of water with a thimble? It would take a thousand years at least. At dinnertime he gave it up as a bad job, saying to himself, "It is all the same whether I work or not."

Then a maiden came out of the house and placed a basket of food before him. "How sad you seem!" she said. "Is anything the matter?"

He looked at her and saw she was very beautiful. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "I cannot perform the first task she has given me. How shall I ever be able to perform the other two? I came here to seek a Princess, but I have not seen her yet."

"Wait here," said the girl, "I will help you. You are tired; lay your head in my lap and sleep, and when you wake the thing will be done."

The drummer was only too charmed to obey.

Directly his eyes closed the girl twisted a wishing ring, and exclaimed, "Water, come up. Fish, come out."

The water immediately rose like a white mist and mingled with the other clouds, and the fish jumped on to the bank and arranged themselves in order of size and color.

When the drummer awoke he saw with amazement what had happened.

The girl said, "One of the fish is not lying by his fellows, but is quite alone. If the old woman comes this evening to see if all has been done as she ordered, she will at once say, 'What is this fish doing here?' Then throw the fish in her face, and say, 'It is for you, old witch.' "

At evening, when the old woman came and asked the question, he threw the fish in her face. She stood as if she did not notice the insult and said nothing, but her eyes blinked wickedly.

The next morning she remarked, "Yesterday you had too easy a time; I must give you harder work. Today you must cut down the whole wood, cut up the timber, arrange it into faggots, and everything must be ready by the evening." She gave him an axe, a hatchet, and two saws, but they were all made of lead.

He did not know what to do, but the maiden arrived at dinnertime with his food, and said, "Lay your head in my lap, go to sleep, and when you wake the work will be finished."

She twirled her wish-ring on her finger, and the whole wood collapsed with one fearful crackle, as if invisible giants had been felling it.

He awoke, and the girl said, "Look! the timber is all severed and arranged in faggots. Only one branch lies apart; when the old woman comes tonight, take it and give her a blow with it, and say, 'That's for you, old witch.' "

The old woman came. "You see," she said, "how

very easy is the work I give you. But what is that branch doing there?"

He took it up and gave her a bang with it, saying, "That's for you, old witch." But she appeared not to feel it and only laughed mockingly.

"Tomorrow," she said, "you shall collect all the faggots, pile them up, and set fire to them."

He rose at dawn and began to collect the wood, but how was it possible for a single man to gather a whole forest? He made no progress. Well for him that the girl did not leave him in the lurch! She brought his dinner, and when he had eaten it he put his head in her lap and went to sleep. On waking, the whole vast mass of timber was alight, the flames reaching to the sky.

"Listen," said the girl, "when the witch comes she will impose on you again. Do what she asks you without fear, so that you give her no cause for complaint. If you are the least bit afraid she will seize you and pitch you into the furnace. When you have done as she bids you, you can end by catching hold of her and throwing *her* on the flames."

The girl departed, and the old witch came. "Fire! I am freezing!" she exclaimed, "but that nice fire will warm my old bones. But look, there's a log that won't burn; fetch it out. If you can do that, you are free to wander where you please, so jump in gaily."

The drummer did not hesitate a moment and sprang into the flames; they did not even singe his hair. He dragged out the log and laid it down.

Hardly had it touched the earth than it changed into the charming girl who had helped him out of his difficulties, and by the golden draperies she now wore he knew she was the Princess.

The old woman laughed. "You think," she jeered, "that you've got her, but I tell you, you haven't yet."

She was in the act of rushing at the girl to take her away, when the drummer seized the old woman with both hands and flung her into the fire.

The Princess then looked critically at the drummer, and having duly considered that he was certainly a handsome youth who had risked his life for her sake, she held out her hand, and said, "You have dared everything for me. Promise to be my true love, and I will marry you."

She led him into the house and showed him great chests and cupboards, filled with the treasures the witch had accumulated. They left all the gold and silver and only took the precious stones.

As they did not wish to linger on the glass mountain any longer, she said to him, "I have only to turn my wishing-ring and we shall be at home."

"All right," said the drummer, "wish us in front of the city gates."

In a second they were there, and the drummer said, "First I will go to my parents and tell them the news. Wait for me here in this field and I will soon be back."

"Ah!" cried the Princess, "I implore you to be

careful. On no account kiss your parents on the right cheek, else you will forget everything."

"How could I possibly forget you?" he said, and gave her his right hand and promised that he would soon return.

When he entered his old home no one knew him, he was so altered, for the three days he had spent on the glass mountain had really been three years.

Then he revealed who he was, and his parents in their delight fell on his neck, and he was so touched that he kissed them on both cheeks, forgetting the maiden's injunction. Directly he had kissed the right cheeks of his parents all thought of the Princess left him. He emptied his pockets, and laid handfuls of pearls and diamonds on the table. The parents did not know what to do with all this wealth.

At last the father built a superb castle, surrounded by gardens, fields, and woods fit for a Prince to live in. And when it was ready the mother said to the drummer, "I have chosen a bride for you, and we will fix the wedding for this day week." The son expressed himself content.

The poor Princess meanwhile had waited a long time in the field before the city gates. When evening came, and he did not return, she felt convinced that he had kissed his parents on the right cheek and forgotten all about her. Her heart was heavy, and she wished herself in a lonely forest-house and not at her father's court. Every evening she walked into the town and passed the

drummer's house; many times the youth saw her without knowing her again. At last she heard people saying, "Tomorrow, he is to be married." And she thought, "I will make an effort to win him back."

On the first day of the wedding festivities she twirled her ring, and said, "I want a dress that shines like the sun." At once the garment lay before her, and looked as if it had been woven out of sunbeams.

When the guests were assembled she entered the hall. Everyone was struck by the beauty of her dress, especially the bride herself, who had a passion for fine clothes. She went up to the stranger and asked if she would sell her gown.

"Not for money," was the answer, "but if I may linger all night beside the door of the room in which the bridegroom is going to sleep, I will give you the dress with pleasure."

The bride could not resist the offer, and consented to the arrangement, but first she mixed the bridegroom a sleeping-draught with his wine, which sent him into a deep slumber.

When the house was quiet the Princess crouched before the door of the sleeping apartment, opened it a little, and called:

"Drummer, drummer, listen to me.
Have you forgotten me quite?
Did you not sit beside me on the mountain height
Did I not save you from the witch's wiles?
And you plighted your troth with smiles?
Drummer, drummer, listen to me."

But it was no use; the drummer did not wake, and when morning dawned the Princess was obliged to own herself unsuccessful and go away.

The second evening she turned her ring, and said, "I want a dress as silver as the moon."

When she appeared in draperies as soft and filmy as moonbeams, she again excited the envy of the bride, who accepted the dress as a present, and granted the wearer permission to spend another night outside the bridegroom's door.

In the stillness of the night she called again to the drummer, but as he was stupefied by the sleeping draught, he did not waken, and in the morning the Princess went sorrowfully back to her forest-house.

But some of the servants in the house had heard the strange girl's sad lament and told the bridegroom about it; they told him that he must have heard it if he had not been drugged with the sleeping-draught that had been mixed with his night-cap.

The third evening the Princess turned her ring, and said, I want a dress that flashes like the stars."

When she appeared at the ball the bride was in ecstasies over the new dress, and said, "I must and will have it," and the owner consented to give it to her on the same condition.

This time the bridegroom did not drink the wine on retiring to rest, but poured it under the bed. When all the house was still he heard a soft voice saying:

"Drummer, drummer, listen to me.
Have you forgotten me quite?"

Suddenly his memory returned. "Ah," he cried, "how faithless and cruel I have been! But the kiss which in the joy of my heart I pressed on my parents' right cheek is really to blame." He jumped up, took the Princess by the hand, and led her to his parents' bedside. "Here is my true bride," he said; "if I marry the other I shall do her a great wrong."

The wedding festivities began over again, and the first bride was allowed to keep the three lovely dresses as compensation, and expressed herself satisfied.

The Golden Goose

Once there was a man who had three sons. The youngest, called Dunderhead, was mocked and ridiculed by the other two, and on every opportunity slighted and despised. Once it happened that the eldest brother wanted to go into the forest to hew wood, and his mother gave him a delicious egg pancake and a bottle of wine to take with him as refreshment.

When he reached the forest he met a little gray-haired old man, who wished him good day, and said, "Give me a piece of cake out of your wallet and a sip of wine; I am terribly hungry and thirsty."

The clever son answered, "Why should I give you my cake and wine, and have none for myself? Take yourself off!" and he passed by the old gray-haired man with contempt.

When he began to chop a tree he soon made a false stroke, and the axe struck his arm instead of the timber, so that he was obliged to go home and have the arm bound up.

The second son then went out to the forest, and his mother gave him, as she had given the eldest, a pancake and a bottle of wine. He, too, saw the gray-haired little man, who begged from him a

morsel of cake and a sup of wine. But the second son said brusquely, "I am not going to rob myself to feed you," and passed on, leaving the little man standing with outstretched hands. He, too, met his punishment, for instead of hitting the tree he hit his own leg, and had to be carried home.

Then the dunderhead said, "Father, let me go out and hew wood."

His father answered, "Look what harm your brothers have done themselves by going. You understand nothing about it, and had better leave it alone."

The dunderhead, however, begged so earnestly that at last his father consented.

His mother gave him for lunch a cake cooked in the ashes, with water and a bottle of sour beer.

When he came into the forest he saw the little gray-headed old man, who greeted him and said, "Give me a bit of your cake and a drink of your wine."

The dunderhead replied, "Sit down; I have nothing but a cake cooked in the ashes, and sour beer, but we will eat and drink together if you like."

So they sat down, and as the dunderhead produced his ash cake it turned into an egg-pancake, and the sour beer turned into good wine.

After they had eaten and drunk, the little man said, "Because you have a kind heart, and have shared your meal with me, I will do you a good turn. Over there stands an old tree; cut it down,

and you will find something worth having in its trunk."

The dunderhead went and cut down the tree, and as it fell a goose flew out, with feathers of real gold. He picked it up and went to an inn to pass the night. The landlord had three daughters, who were curious when they saw the wonderful goose, and longed to possess one of its gold feathers. The eldest thought, "Probably I shall have an opportunity of plucking one out," and when the dunderhead had gone out of the room she caught hold of the bird by its wings, but she could not withdraw her hand, for her fingers were stuck fast. A moment later her sister came in with the idea of taking a feather, but she had scarcely touched her sister before she was stuck fast too. Then the third sister appeared, and though the others shouted out, "For Heaven's sake, don't come here," she rushed up to see what they were doing, and remained sticking fast; so all three of them had to pass the night with the goose.

The next morning the dunderhead took up his goose and departed, not troubling himself about the three girls hanging on behind. They were forced to trot at his heels, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left.

In the middle of the fields they met the pastor, and when he saw the little procession he said, "Aren't you ashamed of yourselves, you bold, forward hussies, to run after a young fellow over the fields in this fashion?" Whereupon he seized the youngest by the hand and tried to draw her

back, but could not free himself, and so had to run on with the rest.

In a few minutes they met the sexton, who looked astounded at seeing the parson following at the heels of three girls. He called out, "Mr. Parson, where are you off to at such a rate? Don't forget there is a christening today." Then he ran up to him and caught him by the sleeve and, like the others, was stuck fast, and had to follow too.

As the five progressed one behind the other they met two laborers coming out of the hayfields with their rakes. The parson shouted to them to set him and the sexton free. But scarcely had they touched the sexton than the laborers, whether they liked it or not, had to hook on; so that there were now seven people following the dunderhead and his goose.

They came to a town where lived a King who had a daughter who was so serious that no one had ever succeeded in making her laugh. Therefore the King had declared that anyone who could make her laugh should marry her.

The dunderhead, when he heard this, went into the Princess's presence with his goose and suite, and when she saw the seven people hanging on to each other, one behind the other, she began to laugh so loudly there was no stopping her.

The dunderhead then asked for her hand in marriage, but the King was not disposed to favor his suit. He raised endless objections and said that before he could consent to have him for a son-in-law he must bring him a man who could drink a whole cellar of wine.

The dunderhead bethought him of the little gray old man, and went to the place in the forest where he had cut down the tree. There the little man was, seated with a very distressed face. The dunderhead asked what was the matter.

He answered, "I am consumed with such a terrific thirst. Nothing will quench it. Cold water I cannot endure. I have already emptied a cask of wine, but what good is such a drop in wetting a parched stone?"

"Listen, I can help you," said the dunderhead. "Come with me and you shall slake your thirst."

He led him into the King's cellar, and the little man went to the great barrels and drank and drank till his sides hurt, and by the end of the day he had emptied the cellar.

Again the dunderhead demanded the hand of the Princess, but the King was angry with the fellow whom everyone gibed at for his stupidity, and imposed new and harder conditions. He must now bring a man to the court who could eat up a mountain of bread.

The dunderhead again went to the place in the forest where he had cut down the tree.

There sat a man with a painful expression of countenance, lacing his body in with straps. "I have eaten a whole bakery full of rye bread," he said, "but what is that when one suffers from such great hunger as mine? My stomach is empty, and, to prevent myself from dying of starvation, I must pull myself in like this."

The dunderhead rejoiced greatly, and said, "Get up! I will show you how you can eat and be

filled." He led him to the court, where they had collected all the flour in the kingdom to bake an enormous mountain of dough.

The man from the forest set to work and ate with such a will that in a day the whole structure had disappeared.

A third time the dunderhead demanded his bride, but once more the King tried to get out of the bargain.

This time he asked to see a ship that could sail on dry land as well as on sea. "Sail up in it," he said, "and you shall have my daughter for your wife."

Without further delay the dunderhead departed again for the forest, and found the old gray headed little man, who said, "I have drunk for you and eaten for you, and now I will provide you gladly with the ship. I have done all these things for you because you were kind to me."

So he gave him a ship which sailed by land and sea, and when the King saw it he could no longer refuse to give the dunderhead his daughter.

The wedding was celebrated, and, after the King died, the dunderhead inherited the throne and reigned well.

The Boy Who Learned to Shudder

A father had two sons, of whom the elder was clever and quick, and knew how to set about everything; but the younger was stupid, and could not understand or learn anything, and when people saw him they said, "He'll be a trouble to his father yet!"

When anything was to be done the elder son always had to do it; but if his father told him to go, late in the evening, or perhaps at night, to bring anything and his way lay through the churchyard, or any other gruesome place he would answer: "Oh, father, I'm shuddering!" for he was afraid.

In the evening, when they were telling stories round the fire that made the hearers' flesh creep, some among the audience would say, "It makes me shudder!" On these occasions the younger son would sit in a corner listening to their talk, and could not imagine what they meant; and he often exclaimed, "They all say, 'I'm shuddering! I'm shuddering!' *I* never shudder; I suppose it must be some art that I don't understand."

One day his father said to him, "Listen, you fellow in the corner there, you're growing a great sturdy lad; so you must learn something by which

you may earn your bread. See what pains your brother takes to learn; but upon you good counsel seems lost."

"Indeed, father," replied the son, "I'm quite willing to learn something; and if it could be managed, I should like to learn to shudder; for I don't know how to do that at all."

The elder brother laughed when he heard this speech, and thought to himself, "My patience, what a stupid fellow that brother of mine is; he'll never do any good all his life, for a bit of iron must be bent early if it's to be a hook." The father sighed, and answered, "You'll learn to shudder in time, I'll warrant; but you will never earn your living by it."

Soon afterwards the parish clerk came to their house to visit them; then the father told him his troubles, and complained how his younger son was an ill-disposed lad, who knew nothing and would learn nothing. "Just fancy," he said, "when I asked him how he intended to get his bread he said he should like to learn to shudder."

"If that's all he wants," answered the clerk, "he can soon learn; let him come with me; I'll polish him off for you."

The father had no objection; for he thought, "At any rate, the boy will be improved a little." So the clerk took the boy home, and he was set to toll the church bell.

A few days afterwards, the clerk woke the lad at midnight, and told him to get up and go into the church tower to ring the bell. "I'll teach you what it is to shudder," thought he, and went secretly

before. When the boy got up into the belfry, and turned round to grasp the rope, he saw a white figure standing on the stairs, opposite the window.

"Who's there?" he cried; but the figure gave no answer, and never stirred.

"Answer me!" cried the boy, "or be off with you; you've no business to come here at night!"

But the clerk remained motionless, for he wanted to make the lad believe he was a ghost.

The boy asked a second time, "What do you want here? Speak, if you're an honest fellow, or I shall fling you downstairs."

The clerk thought, "He does not mean that"; so he did not utter a sound, but stood motionless, as if he had been hewn out of stone.

Then the lad called to him a third time. When that too proved vain, he took a run, and gave the ghost such a push that it tumbled down ten stairs, and lay motionless in a corner. Then he rang the bell, and returned home, going to bed without a word to anyone, and falling fast asleep.

The clerk's wife meanwhile waited for her husband a long time, but he did not return. At last she became alarmed, woke up the boy, and asked: "Do you know where my husband is? He went up into the tower before you."

"No," answered the boy; "but some fellow stood on the stairs opposite the window; and as he would neither answer me when I called to him, nor go away, I thought he was a rogue, and flung him downstairs. If you go and look you will see if

it was your husband; but I shall be very sorry if it is."

The woman ran off, and found her husband, who was lying in a corner, groaning and lamenting, for the fall had broken one of his legs.

She carried him home, and then ran with loud cries to the lad's father. "Your boy," she declared, "has been the cause of a great misfortune; he has flung my husband downstairs in such a way as to make him break his leg; pray rid our house of that good-for-nothing."

The father started when he heard this; he came running to the clerk's house, and began scolding his son soundly. "What wicked tricks are these?" he cried; "the spirit of mischief must have possessed you."

"Father," pleaded the boy, "I'm quite innocent; just listen to me. He stood there in the night as if he had come for some bad purpose. I did not know who it was, and called to him three times telling him either to speak or to go away."

"Ah!" said the father, "you only cause me sorrow and woe; get out of my sight; I will not look at you any more."

"Very well, father," answered the lad, "only wait till it is day, then I'll go and learn to shudder. I shall at least know an art by which I may earn my living."

"Learn whatever you like," said the father, "it's all the same to me. Here are fifty dollars for you; go out into the world, and don't tell anyone where you came from, or who is your father, for I am ashamed of you."

"Well, father, it shall be as you wish," answered the youth: "if you ask me no more than that, the thing's easily done."

When day came the lad put his fifty dollars in his pocket, and went out into the highroad. And as he walked on he kept repeating to himself, "If I could only shudder! if I could only shudder!"

Soon there came up a man, who heard what the boy said. When they had gone on a little way, and came in sight of a gibbet, he said to the boy, "See, yonder is a tree where seven robbers have been hung, all together. Sit down there and wait till night comes, and you'll learn how to shudder."

"If that's all I have to do," replied the youngster, "it's easily done; and if I really learn to shudder so quickly you shall have my fifty dollars; come again tomorrow morning."

The lad went to where the gibbet stood, sat down under it, and waited till evening. And because he was cold he lighted a fire; but at midnight the wind blew so cold that in spite of the fire he could not keep warm. As the wind swung the corpses to and fro, so that they rattled against each other, he thought, "If I am cold down here by the fire, what must it be for those poor fellows up there?" And because he had a kind heart, he placed a ladder, mounted, unfastened the dead robbers one after another, and brought all the seven down. Then he poked up the fire, blew it into a blaze, and set them all round, that they might warm themselves. But they lay there and never stirred, even when the fire caught their clothes. So he said: "Take care what you're about, or I shall hang you

up again." But the dead robbers did not hear him; they remained silent, and let their rags burn on.

Then he became angry, and said: "If you won't take care I can't help it, but I won't be burned with you"; and he hung them up again, all in a row. Then he sat down again by his fire and went to sleep.

The next morning the man came to him, and wanted his fifty dollars. "Well," he said, "you know what it is to shudder, I fancy?"

"No," replied the young man; "how should I know? Those poor fellows up there never opened their mouths, and were so stupid that they would have let their few miserable rags of clothes burn."

Then the man saw that he would not win his fifty dollars that day; so he went away, saying, "I never met such a fellow in my life."

The lad continued his journey, and began again to mutter to himself, "If I could only shudder! if I could only shudder!"

A carter who came striding along behind heard this, and asked, "Who are you?"

"I don't know," answered the lad.

The carter asked again, "Where do you come from?"

"I don't know."

"Who's your father?"

"That I may not tell you."

"And what is it you keep muttering to yourself?"

"Why," answered the boy, "I should like to learn to shudder, but no one will teach me how."

"Leave your foolish talk," said the carter, "and

go with me. I will get a lodging for you somewhere."

The youth went with the carter; and in the evening they came to an inn, where they resolved to pass the night. As they came into the room, the lad said again, quite loudly, "If I could only shudder! if I could only shudder!"

The host, who overheard him, laughed, and observed, "If you want to do that, you may find a good opportunity here."

"Be quiet, do," said his wife: "many a foolhardy man has lost his life there already. It would be a pity for his handsome eyes if they should never see the daylight again."

But the youth said, "If it were ever so difficult, I would learn, for that's why I have come out"; and he would not let the host rest till he had told how there was an enchanted castle, not far off, where a man might easily learn what it was to shudder, if he would only stay there for three nights. The King had promised his daughter in marriage to anyone who would attempt it; and she was the most beautiful young maiden on whom the sun shone. And in the castle there were concealed great treasures, guarded by evil spirits, which treasures would then come to light, and might make a rich man of a very poor one. Many had gone into the castle, but no one had come out again.

The next morning the lad went to the King and said, "If I might be permitted, I should be glad to watch for three nights in the enchanted castle."

The King looked at him, and, liking his appear-

ance, replied, "You may do so; and you may ask for three things, which you can take into the castle with you; but they must be lifeless things."

"Then," answered the lad, "I shall ask for a fire, a carpenter's bench, and a lathe, with the knife that belongs to it."

The King caused what he wanted to be carried into the castle the same day. When night was coming on the lad went up and made a bright fire in one of the rooms, put the carpenter's bench and the knife beside it, and sat down by the lathe. "If I could only shudder!" he said; "but I shall not learn even here."

Towards midnight he wanted to make up his fire; as he was blowing at it, he heard voices suddenly crying from one of the corners, "*Me-ow, me-ow,* how cold we are!"

"You blockheads," said he, "what are you mewing about? If you are cold, come and sit by the fire and warm yourselves."

When he had said that, too great black cats came bounding up with a leap, and sat down, one on each side of him, looking at him wildly with their fiery eyes. After a while, when they had warmed themselves, they said to him: "Comrade, will you have a game at cards with us?"

"Willingly," replied he, "but first show me your paws"; and they stuck out their claws towards him.

"Why, what long nails you have!" he cried; "wait a moment, I'll cut them for you."

With that, he took them by the neck, lifted them on to the carpenter's bench, and screwed

their paws into it. "I don't care about playing cards with you," he said, "now that I've seen your fingers"; and he killed them, and threw them out into the water.

But as soon as he had silenced these two, and was about to sit down again beside his fire, there came from every hole and corner black cats and black dogs, dragging red-hot chains; there came more and more, so that he could not hide himself; and they shrieked horribly, and trod upon his fire, pulled it to pieces, and wanted to put it out. For a time he bore their antics quietly; but when they became too bad, he took up his turning knife, and crying, "Away, you rabble!" began hacking at them right and left. Some ran away; the rest he killed and threw into the pond outside.

When he came back, he blew the embers of his fire into a blaze and warmed himself; as he sat thus, his eyes would not keep open any longer, and he felt a great desire to sleep. Looking round, he saw a great bed standing in the corner. "That's just what I want," he said, and laid himself down upon it. But just as he was going to close his eyes, the bed began to move, and began rolling through the whole castle.

"Go on, that's right," he cried; "go on as fast as you please." And the bed went rolling on as if six horses were drawing it, over thresholds and staircases, up and down. All at once, "crack, crack," it turned over topsy-turvy, so that it lay upon him like a mountain. But he flung the mattresses and pillows away, got up, and said, "Whoever likes,

may ride now," and lay down by his fire and slept till day.

In the morning the King came; and when he saw the youth lying upon the ground, he thought the ghosts had killed him, and that he was dead. And he said, "It's a pity, for he is a handsome young fellow."

The boy heard this, and jumped up, saying, "It's not so far with us yet!" The King was astonished and pleased, and asked him how he had fared.

"Very well," he answered. "One night has passed; the others will pass too."

When the boy went back to the inn, the host opened his eyes in wonder. "I did not think I should see you again alive," said he. "Have you learned what it is to shudder?"

"No," he answered, "it has been all in vain. I wish anyone could tell me what it is!"

On the second night he went up again into the old castle, sat down by his fire, and began his old song, "If I could only shudder!"

When it was nearly midnight he heard a noise and tumult, at first distant, then louder and louder, and then there was a short pause, after which half a man came tumbling down the chimney and fell close to him. "Hallo," he cried, "there's half a one still wanting—this isn't enough!"

Then the noise began again; there was a great tumult and uproar, and the second half came tumbling down too.

"Wait a bit," he said; "I'll blow up the fire a little."

When he had done that, and looked round again, the two halves had joined together, and a man of hideous aspect was sitting in his place.

"I didn't mean it in that way," cried the lad; "that bench is mine."

The man wanted to push him away, but the boy would not allow it, thrust him aside forcibly, and sat down again in his place. Then more men came falling down; they brought with them nine great bones and two skulls, and set up the bones to play skittles with. The youth thought he would like to play too; and he said, "Listen, may I make one?"

"Yes," answered they, "if you have money."

"I've money enough," he rejoined, "but your balls are not round"; and he took the skulls and put them into his lathe, and gave them a turn.

"So," he cried, "they'll bowl much better; now we'll be merry!"

He played with them, and lost some of his money; but when twelve o'clock struck everything vanished from his sight; and he lay down quietly and went to sleep.

When the third night came, he sat down again upon the bench, and said crossly, "If I could only shudder!"

Suddenly there entered a man who was taller than any he had yet seen, and had a horrible appearance; he was an old man, with a long white beard.

"Oh, you wretch!" he cried, "now you shall soon learn how to shudder! for you shall die!"

"Not so fast," replied the youth; "if I'm to die, I must first give my consent."

"I'll soon make an end of you," roared the apparition.

"Softly, softly," retorted the youth, "don't be too boastful; I fancy I'm as strong as you are, and stronger too."

"We'll see that," cried the old man, "if you're stronger than I am, I will let you go; come, we will try it."

He led the youth through dark passages to a place where there was a smith's forge; the old man took an axe, and with one blow struck one of the two anvils into the earth.

"I can do more than that," said the youth, and he went to the other anvil. The old man stood by to watch him, with his white beard hanging down. Then the young man seized the axe and not only split the anvil at a blow, but wedged the old man's beard tightly into it.

"Now I have caught you," he cried, "and it's your turn to die!"

Then he snatched up a bar of iron, and battered away at the old man till he whimpered and begged him to leave off, promising him great riches if he would hold his hand. So the young man pulled out the axe and released the old man's beard.

The old man led him back into the castle and showed him three great chests full of gold. "One of these," he said, "is for the poor, one for the King, and the third for you."

As he said this the clock struck twelve, and the spirit vanished, leaving the youth standing alone in the dark.

"I shall manage to get out of this," he said:

and he groped about till he found his way to his room, and went to sleep by his fire.

Next morning the King came again, and said, "I fancy by this time you've learned what it is to shudder?"

"No, indeed," replied he; "what can it be? A bearded old man came, and showed me a great deal of gold; but he did not tell me what it was to shudder!"

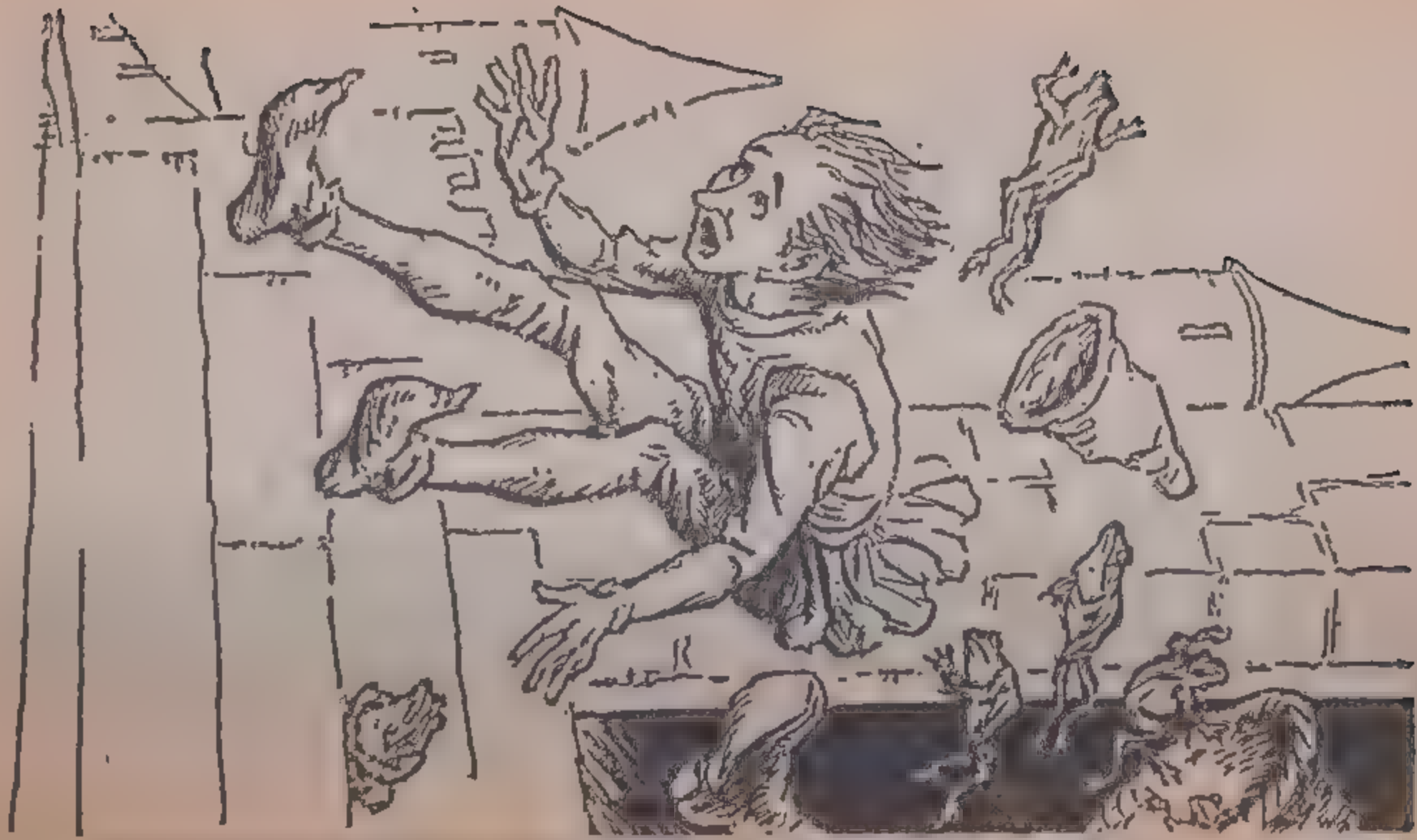
"Well," said the King, "you've disenchanted the castle, and you shall marry my daughter."

"That's all very pleasant," answered he, "but I don't know yet what it is to shudder!"

Then the gold was brought up, and the marriage was celebrated. But though the young man was very happy, and loved his wife very much, he could not avoid saying, "If I could only shudder! if I could only shudder!" At last the young wife grew quite angry about it, and her chambermaid said, "I will find a remedy for it; he shall learn to shudder after all."

So she went to the brook which flowed through the garden, and had a whole pailful of little gudgeon brought in. And she told her mistress to wait till her husband was fast asleep at night, and then to draw the coverlet from him, and pour the water with the gudgeon over him, so that the little fishes sprang all about.

Then the young man woke up, and cried: "I'm shuddering—hu—hu—what makes me shudder? Dear wife, now I know what it is to shudder!"



The Wise Griffon

Once upon a time there lived a King, but where he reigned and what was his name I don't know. He had no sons, but an only daughter, who was always ill, and no doctor knew how to cure her.

Someone foretold that if the King's daughter ate a certain sort of apple she would get well. So the King issued a proclamation to the effect that anyone who would bring an apple to the Princess that would restore her health, should marry her.

A peasant who had three sons said to the eldest, "Go into the orchard, pick a basketful of our choicest apples, and take them to the castle. Perhaps they will make the Princess well again. Then you can marry her and become King."

So the son gathered the apples and went to the castle. On the way he met an old man, who inquired what he had in his basket.

Ulrich replied, "Frogs."

The man said, "So be it," and went on.

When Ulrich came to the castle he asked the porter to let him through the gates, as he had brought a hamper of apples which he thought would cure the Princess. The King, when he heard this, was delighted, and summoned Ulrich to his presence. But, unfortunately, when the hamper was opened it was found to contain nothing but

frogs. The King was exceedingly angry, and had Ulrich turned out of the castle immediately. Ulrich went home and told his father.

Then the peasant dispatched his second son, whose name was Sam, but he did not meet with success either. He came across the same old man, who asked him what he had in his basket, and Sam replied, "Crabs."

When he came to the castle Sam told the porter he had brought a basket of apples which were certain to cure the Princess.

The porter replied that they had been deceived once, and it was not likely they would be deceived again.

But Sam declared so positively that there was nothing but apples in the basket, that they let him in at last. The basket was then opened in the King's presence, and was found to contain crabs. The King was furious, and had the man horsewhipped and turned out of the castle.

Sam went home and told his father of his experience.

The peasant's youngest son, who was nicknamed "Stupid Hans," now asked his father if he might go to the castle with a basket of apples.

"You, indeed!" exclaimed his father. "A pretty man to send! If your brothers failed, it is not likely you will succeed."

But Hans persisted in asking to be allowed to go.

"You stupid fellow," said the father, "wait till you grow a little brighter. For the present leave me in peace."

He turned away impatiently, but Hans went after him, pulled his coattails, and said, "Father, I want to go very much; do let me go."

"All right, get along with you," said the peasant; "but I am sure you will not do better than the others, and worse if possible."

The boy was so delighted at having gained permission that he skipped and capered about.

"Doesn't this silly behavior show what a fool you are?" said his father. "You are even more silly than I thought."

But Hans was not in the least put out, and went to bed looking forward with joy to the morning. He did not sleep much, but when he did he dreamed of beautiful Princesses, splendid castles, and gold and silver.

He got up early in the morning, picked the apples, and started for the castle. He met the same little man the others had met, who asked him what he had in his basket. Hans answered promptly, "Apples, to cure the Princess."

And the little man said fervently, "So be it."

Of course, when he came to the castle Hans was not welcomed, and everyone was sceptical of there being apples in his basket.

"Two men have been here," they told him, "and insulted the King by bringing frogs and crabs."

Hans assured them he would not deceive the King for the world, and that he had really brought a basket of the best apples that grew in the whole kingdom. Hans had such an honest face and spoke so earnestly that it was impossible to

suspect him of telling a lie. He was admitted, and when the King opened the basket there indeed was a quantity of rosy, tempting apples. The King was overjoyed, and took some at once to the Princess. After she had eaten two or three the servants came and told the King she was cured. Almost immediately afterwards his daughter came herself. She told him that directly she had eaten a bit of one apple she had jumped out of bed perfectly well again.

The King was delighted, but after all was loth to give Hans his daughter's hand at once. "You must first make me a boat," he said, "which will sail as well on dry land as on water."

Hans said he would certainly make the boat, and went home and related everything.

The old peasant at once sent Ulrich into the woods to make the required boat. Ulrich set to work confidently, whistling and singing.

About midday, when the sun was at its hottest, he saw approaching the little old man he had met on the road when he was carrying his apples to the King.

"What are you making there?" he asked.

Ulrich answered, "Wooden spoons," and went on making what he thought was a boat, but when he had finished he found nothing but a pair of wooden spoons.

The following day Sam went, and everything happened to him as it had happened to Ulrich.

On the third day Stupid Hans was allowed to go. He worked hard, and was very cheerful over it. At midday, when the sun shines most powerfully,

the little man appeared and asked him what he was about.

"Making a boat that will sail on dry land as well as on the water; and if I can do it I shall marry the King's daughter perhaps, and be King."

"So be it," said the old man.

At sunset the boat was complete, and Hans sailed in it to the town.

The King saw him coming, but still hesitated about letting him marry the Princess.

Hans was now asked to keep watch over a hundred hares from early morning till late at night. If he lost one of them he would lose the Princess.

Hans started at once with his hares, and as he took such good care not to let one out of his sight, a servant was sent from the castle to ask him for a hare. The excuse was that visitors had come unexpectedly and the hare was wanted for dinner.

But Hans saw it was a trick, and said, "Tell the King to have a hare served tomorrow instead of today."

The servant was, however, unwilling to depart without the hare, and Hans said at last, "If the Princess will come herself I will give her a hare."

When the servant had gone the little man appeared again and asked Hans what he was doing.

"I am keeping watch over a hundred hares," was the answer, "and if I lose one I shall not be allowed to marry the Princess."

"Take this whistle," said the little man, "and if a hare escapes, whistle and it will come back instantly."

When the Princess came Hans gave her the

hare and put it in a kerchief for her. She had not carried it a hundred yards when Hans whistled, and the hare wriggled out of the handkerchief and ran back.

Before night came, Hans whistled again to see if all the hares were there, and then drove them to the castle.

The King was much surprised at this proof of Hans being able to look after a hundred hares without losing one. Yet he still declined to let him marry the Princess till he had done something else. This time he was to bring him a feather out of the Wise Griffon's tail.

Hans started off to fetch it. At night he came to a castle, for in those days there were no inns. He saw the master of the castle, and asked to be put up for the night. When he was asked where he was going, he said, "To the Wise Griffon."

"Oh, indeed," answered the man, "you are going to the Wise Griffon, are you? I have been told he is an oracle and knows everything. I have lost the key of my moneybox. Will you be so kind as to ask him where I am to find it?"

"With pleasure," said Hans.

Early in the morning he started off. That night he put up at another castle. When the people staying there heard he was on his way to the Wise Griffon, two of them told him their daughter was ill and they had tried in vain to cure her. Would he kindly ask the Wise Griffon for a prescription to make her well?

Hans promised and went off. He came to a lake where, instead of a ferry boat, a big, strong man

was employed to carry people across to the other side of the water. The man asked Hans where he was traveling to.

"To the Wise Griffon," answered Hans.

"Well, if you find him," said the man, "just ask him why I have to carry people across this water."

"All right," said Hans, "I will ask him."

The man took him over the water, and after that he soon reached the Wise Griffon's castle, but the bird was not at home; only his wife was in. She asked him what he wanted.

Hans told her everything. First, he wanted a feather out of the Wise Griffon's tail; secondly, he wanted to know where the lost key of a cash-box was; thirdly, he was to ask for a prescription for the daughter of the two guests at the castle; and lastly, he wanted to be told why the big, burly man at the ferry had to carry people over.

The wife said, "No one can ever get a word in edgeways with the Wise Griffon, my good friend; he rates everybody. But if you like to try, you may hide under his bed, and when he is sound asleep pull a feather out of his tail. About the other matters I will ask him myself."

When the Wise Griffon came in at night he said, "Wife, I smell someone in the room."

"You are right," replied the wife. "A man has been here, but he went away just now."

The bird then said no more.

At midnight Hans heard the bird snoring loudly, so he ventured to pull out a feather.

Suddenly the bird woke up and exclaimed,

"Wife, I certainly smell a human being, and I am sure I felt someone pull my tail."

The wife responded, "You must have been dreaming. There *was* a man, as I told you, here, but he went away. He talked about a key to a cash-box which had been lost, and which no one knew where to find."

"Oh, the pack of idiots!" exclaimed the Wise Griffon; "the key is under a log in the woodhouse, behind the door."

"He also said something about some parents who had a sick child they couldn't cure."

"Oh, the fools!" exclaimed the Wise Griffon; "in the cellar under the stairs a bird has made a nest of her hair. If she gets her hair back she will recover."

"The man said something, too, about a big, burly fellow carrying people across a ferry, and he wanted to know why he was obliged to do it."

"Oh, the stupid blockhead!" said the bird; "if only he would carry someone as far as the middle and there leave him he need never carry anyone else over."

In the morning the Wise Griffon got up and went out. Hans crept from his hiding-place and was in high glee at having obtained his feather and all the information he wanted.

But the wife repeated over again what the bird had said, so that he should be sure not to forget, and then Hans started.

First of all he came to the man at the water, who inquired what answer he had brought him from the Wise Griffon.

Hans replied, "Take me across the water, and I will tell you."

The man carried him to the other side, and then Hans told him that if he dropped someone into the middle he need never carry anyone else over.

The man was pleased and said he would carry Hans over again to show his gratitude, but Hans said, "No, thank you; I am on the right side and content to stay there."

Then he arrived next at the castle where the people were whose daughter was ill.

Hans showed them the cellar, and the bird's nest was found, and when the hair was restored to her, the girl jumped out of bed quite well. Her father and mother overwhelmed Hans with presents and thanks.

He started off a rich man, and when he came to the castle where they had lost the key he went straight into the woodhouse and found it for them.

The master of the castle was so charmed to get it back that he gave Hans a handsome reward.

When Hans put in an appearance before the King with all his presents and money, the King asked enviously where he had got them all.

Hans told him the Wise Griffon had given him everything, and then the King thought he should like to make the Wise Griffon's acquaintance himself. He set out, but when he came to the ferry was dropped into the middle of the water and drowned.

Hans married the Princess and became King.

The Goose-Girl at the Well

There was once an old, old woman, almost as old as the hills, who lived with her flock of geese in a wilderness between two mountains, where she had a small house.

The wilderness was surrounded by a dense forest, and every morning the old woman took her crutches and stumped into the forest. Here she was more active than you would have imagined such a very old woman could be. She gathered grasses for her geese, picked as many wild berries as she could reach with her hands, and carried all home on her back.

One morning a fine young fellow came tramping through the forest. So far he had met no one, and then suddenly he saw the old crone kneeling on the ground mowing her grass with a sickle. She had stuffed a large bundle in her satchel and two baskets stood near filled with wild pears and crab-apples.

"Mother," said he, "you'll never be able to carry all that."

"I must carry it all, pretty gentleman," she said. "Rich people's children wouldn't need such things. But the poor peasant has a saying, 'Be

careful of the odds and ends.' Would you like to help me?"

The young man felt sorry for the old woman. "My father is no peasant," he said. "I am the son of a rich Count; but to show that it is not only peasants who can carry heavy burdens I will take your bundle."

"If you'll only try," said the old woman, "I shall indeed be grateful. It's about an hour's walk, and you'll have to take the pears and apples too."

The young Count was a little dismayed when he heard what the distance was, but the old woman was not going to let him off. She bound the bundle of grass on his back and slung the baskets on his arm.

"You see," she said, "how easy it is."

"No," replied the Count, "it is not easy," and his expression became pained; "the bundle is as heavy as if it were chock-full of rockingstones, and the apples and pears are as weighty as if they were made of lead."

He wanted to free himself of his burdens in a few minutes, but the old crone would not allow him to rest.

"Look now!" she exclaimed in a mocking voice, "the fine young gentleman can't carry what an old woman has borne on her back a hundred times."

So long as the way lay over level ground he could endure, but when they came to the mountainside and had to climb, and the loose stones rolled under his feet as if they were alive, his strength was almost exhausted. Perspiration poured off his brow and shivers ran down his back.

"Mother," he said, "I can't go on. I must rest a little."

"Nothing of the kind," said the relentless witch; "when we get home you shall rest, not before. So push on; the exercise will do you a deal of good."

"You shameless old hag!" exclaimed the Count, and tried to throw off the bundle, but in vain, for it was so firmly fastened to his shoulders that it might have grown there.

The old woman laughed heartily at his attempts and danced round him on her crutches.

"Don't lose your temper, pretty sir," said she. "Carry your bundle patiently, and when we get home I'll give you your reward."

What could he do? He was obliged to trudge on and resign himself to the old creatures's tyranny. She seemed to grow more and more nimble, while he was weighed down more than ever. Once, with a spring, she leapt on to the top of the bundle, and though she was shriveled and thin as a broomstick her weight exceeded that of the most buxom peasant girl. The youth's knees trembled and bent under him, but the old woman drove him on with a switch and with kicks on the legs. Under pressure, he arrived at last at the old woman's house, ready to drop from fatigue.

When the geese saw the old woman they spread their wings, craned their necks, and flew towards her, crying "Wulle! wulle!" Behind the flock came a strapping lass with a stick in her hand. Tall and muscular, she was as ugly as darkness itself.

The old woman now clambered down from her

perch and relieved the Count of the bundle and the baskets. She looked at him with quite friendly eyes and said in a pleasing tone, "Sit down on that bench, and you shall have the reward and refreshment you have so honestly earned."

Then she turned to the goose-girl and said, "Go into the house, dearest daughter; it won't do for you to be alone with a young, good-looking gentleman; he might fall in love with you."

The Count hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry. "Such a beauty as that!" he thought. "Even if she were thirty years younger I shouldn't look at her."

Meanwhile the old woman caressed and stroked her geese as if they had been babies, and then followed her daughter into the house.

The youth stretched himself on a bench in the shade of an apple-tree. The air was soft and cool. Round him stretched a green meadow thickly carpeted with cowslips, wild thyme, and a thousand other flowers.

"It is very charming here," the Count said, "but I am so tired I cannot keep my eyes open. I'll take a nap."

After he had been asleep a short while the old woman came and shook him.

"Get up," she said. "You mustn't stay here. I've given you a bad time of it, truly, but it hasn't cost you your life. Here's your reward. You are in no need of money or land, so I give you this." She handed him a small box, carved out of an emerald. "Take care of it," she said, "it will bring you happiness."

The Count sprang to his feet, conscious that his weariness had fled and that he was as strong and fit as ever. He thanked the old woman for her present, and without turning his head to get another glimpse of the fair daughter he departed.

The Count wandered for three days before he found the way out of the wilderness. Then he came to a great town, and as no one knew him he was led to the royal castle, where the King and Queen sat on the throne. The Count dropped on one knee, drew out the emerald box, and laid it at the feet of the Queen.

She bade him rise and give the knick-knack into her hands. Scarcely had she opened it and looked inside than she fell to the ground in a dead faint.

The Count was instantly taken into custody and led to prison.

Thereupon the Queen opened her eyes and cried, "Let him come back." Then she ordered everyone to go away and leave her to have a private conversation with the stranger.

When the Queen was alone with him she began to cry bitterly. "Of what avail is all this pomp and splendor when every morning I wake up full of care and sorrow? I have had three daughters, the youngest of whom was a miracle of loveliness. She was as white as snow, as pink as apple-blossom, and her hair shone like sunbeams. When she cried she shed tears that were pearls and precious stones. The King, when she was fifteen years old, ordered all three daughters to come before the throne. You should have seen the admiration of the cour-

tiers when the youngest came in; it was like the sun rising. The King said, 'My daughter, I do not know when my end may come, but I will decide today what each of you shall have at my death. You all love me, but the one of you who loves me the most shall have the largest share.' Each daughter said she loved him best. 'Cannot you express,' asked the King, 'how much you love me, and then I shall be able to judge?' The eldest said, 'I love my father more than sweet honey'; the second, 'I love my father more than my prettiest frock.' But the youngest was silent. 'And you, my dear child,' asked her father, 'how much do you love me?' 'I do not know,' she answered, 'and cannot compare my love with anything.' But the King insisted that she must mention something. So she said at last, 'The best dishes have no flavor without salt. I love my father as much as I love salt.' When the King heard this answer he became furious, and said, 'If your love for me resembles nothing better than salt it shall be rewarded with salt.' Thereupon he divided his kingdom between the two elder daughters, but the youngest, with a sack of salt tied to her back, was led into the wild forest by two servants and left there alone. Soon afterwards the King repented his severity and harshness, and sent people out to look for her in the forest, but she was nowhere to be found. Imagine my feelings when I opened the emerald box to see a pearl lying in it exactly like one of my daughter's tears. Please tell me how you came by this treasure."

The Count related how the old woman in the

wood had given it to him. He believed her to be a witch. Of the Queen's lost daughter he had heard and seen nothing.

The King and Queen then resolved to look up the old woman, for they naturally thought that in the quarter the pearl had come from news of their child might be gleaned.

The old woman was sitting in her house in the wilderness, spinning. It was already dark, and a log on a smouldering hearth gave but a feeble light. Suddenly there was a fluttering and cackling without, and the geese were driven home from the meadow. In a few minutes her daughter came in. The old woman scarcely noticed her, and shook her palsied head. The daughter sat down, took her spinning-wheel too, and made it hum, as young women do, the threads flying. Thus they sat together for two hours without speaking a word.

At last something rattled the window and two fiery eyes glowered through the pane. It was an old screech owl, and its "Tit wit-hoo" made the old dame look up and say, "Now, daughter; it's time; go out to your work."

The daughter stood up and went out. Where did she go? Over the meadows, on and on till she came to the valley. She stopped by a well where three oak-trees grew. The moon meanwhile had risen in a great silver ball over the mountains. It was so light you could have found a pin. The girl drew a mask from her face and began to wash in the well. When she had finished, she threw the skin she had washed off in the water and lay down on the grass

to dry in the moonlight. You never saw such a transformation. Instead of a mud-colored plait, gold locks like sunbeams broke loose from the girl's head and spread round her till they enveloped her whole figure like a mantle. Her eyes shone through her tresses like stars in the sky, and her cheeks bloomed with the soft pink of apple-blossom.

But the beautiful maiden was sad; she sat down and cried bitterly, and one tear after another splashed through her hair on to the ground. There she sat, and would have sat a long time had not the bushes crackled and snapped behind her. She sprang up like a deer at the sound of the sportsman's shot. Just then a black cloud covered the moon, and the girl again slipped into the old dark skin and disappeared like a light blown out by the wind.

Trembling all over like an aspen leaf, she ran into the house again. The old woman stood at the door, and the girl was going to tell her what had happened when the witch laughed gaily and said she knew all about it. She went into the parlor and threw on another log. But she did not sit down again to her spinning-wheel, but fetched a broom and began to sweep and dust.

"Everything must be clean and tidy," she remarked to the girl.

"But, mother," said the girl, "why do you begin work at such a late hour? What's going to happen?"

"Don't you know what time it is?" asked the old woman.

"Not quite midnight," answered the girl. "Not much after eleven."

"Have you not thought," went on the old woman, "that it is three years today since you came to me? Your time is up; we cannot stay together longer."

The girl looked frightened, and said, "Oh, dear mother, don't cast me out. Where shall I go?"

The old woman did not wish to reveal to the girl the fate in store for her. "I haven't long to stay here," she said, "but before I leave, the house must be cleaned thoroughly; so don't interrupt me in my work. You needn't be afraid, you will have a roof over your head, come what may, and the reward I am going to give you will be ample for your wants. Go to your room, wash off your dark skin, put on the silk dress you wore when you came here, and then wait till I call you."

But now we must go back to the King and Queen, who, accompanied by the Count, had gone into the wilderness to look for the old woman. The Count in the forest got separated from them, and had to go on alone. The next day he thought he was on the right path, and walked on and on till night fell; then he climbed a tree where he intended to sleep, for he was afraid he might lose his way in the dark.

When the moon rose and lit up the landscape he saw a figure coming down the mountain. He recognized the same goose-girl (though she had no stick in her hand) that he had seen in the old woman's garden.

But how astounded was he when he saw the girl

go to the well, take off her skin, wash, and let down her beautiful golden tresses! He had never seen anyone so beautiful in his life. He scarcely dared breathe, but stretched out his head as far as it would go from his bower of foliage to gaze at her. Perhaps he stretched too far, for the bough he was on snapped, and at the same moment the lovely apparition hastily resumed her old skin, and fled like a deer. And as just then a cloud came over the moon, he lost sight of her.

The minute after she had vanished, the Count came down from the tree and followed the direction she had taken. He had not gone far before he saw the King and Queen, who had seen the light shining from the window of the old woman's house and were making for it. The Count told them of the wonderful transformation he had witnessed by the well, and they were sure the beautiful girl must be their lost daughter.

In great glee they continued their way, and soon came to the old woman's little house. The strangers looked in at the window and saw the old woman at her spinning-wheel. The little parlor was as spick and span as if the little fairymen lived there who cannot bear a speck of dust on their feet. The King and Queen summoned up courage and knocked softly on the windowpane.

The old woman appeared to expect them. She got up, and exclaimed in a friendly tone, "Come in; I know who you are!"

When they had walked into the parlor the old woman said, "You might have spared yourselves this long journey if three years ago you had not un-

justly spurned your child, who is so good and lovely. But you really did her no harm after all. For three years she has tended my geese, and in that time her pure heart has remained unsullied. But the anxiety you have suffered on her account has long ago punished you enough." Then she went to the bedroom door, and called, "Come out now, dear little one."

The door opened, and the Princess appeared in her silken draperies, with her golden hair and shining eyes, and complexion like apple-blossom. She embraced and kissed her father and mother, and all of them wept for joy.

The young Count stood by, and when she saw him she blushed, she knew not why, till she looked like a moss rose.

The King then said, "My child, I have now bequeathed my kingdom to the others. What shall I give you?"

"She needs nothing," the old dame interposed. "I will give her the tears she has shed for you. They are priceless pearls, more beautiful than those found in the sea, and worth more than a hundred kingdoms. And in reward for her services I shall make her a present of my little house."

As the old woman said this the walls creaked a little, and the old woman vanished before their eyes. On looking round, they saw the small dwelling had changed into a magnificent palace, and a long table stood ready laid, with flunkeys running hither and thither.

There is more of the story, but my grandmother, who told it to me, had not a good memory, and she

had forgotten the rest. I have an idea that the beautiful Princess was married to the Count, and that they lived together in the fairy palace happy and content.

Whether the white geese who were fed in the pasture by the little house were maidens whom the old woman had brought home with her at one time or another, and were now changed back into human beings again, as maids of honor to the young Queen, I do not know, but I think it probable. One thing is certain, the old woman was not a wicked witch at all, but a wise woman who meant to do good. Most likely it was she who at the Princess's birth endowed her with the gift of shedding pearls instead of tears.

The Three Spinning-Women

There was once an idle girl who would not spin.

At last, one day, the mother lost all her patience, so that she beat the girl, who began weeping aloud. The Queen was just driving by, and when she heard the crying she stopped her carriage, came into the house, and asked the mother why she beat her daughter. The woman was ashamed to expose her daughter's idleness; so she said: "I cannot get her away from the spinning-wheel, and I am poor, and cannot provide the flax."

The Queen answered: "There is nothing I like so much as spinning; let your daughter go with me into the palace, I have flax enough, and she shall spin as much as she likes."

The mother consented with all her heart, and the Queen took the girl with her.

When they came to the castle, she led the girl upstairs and showed her three rooms, which were filled with the finest flax from floor to ceiling. "Now spin me all this flax," she said, "and when you have spun it all you shall marry my eldest son."

The girl was alarmed in her secret soul, for if she had worked every day from morning till evening, till she grew to be three hundred years old, she

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